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JOURNAL

OF A CANTEEN WORKER

JOURNAL
OF A CANTEEN WORKER

A RECORD OF SERVICE WITH THE
AMERICAN RED CROSS IN FLANDERS

BY

HERBERT MASON SEARS

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1919

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The Merrymount Press, Boston

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

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NOTE

A FEW words of explanation are necessary in connection with this journal, written to my children and printed for my grandchildren, which describes my service as a Canteen worker for the American Red Cross at the battle front in Flanders.

Early in June, 1917, I decided that I might be of use in some work for the American Red Cross in Europe, and I went to Washington to volunteer my services. At that time the work of the Red Cross abroad was not in definite shape and headquarters in Paris had just been opened with Major Grayson M. P. Murphy at its head. It was necessary for the Red Cross authorities in Washington to communicate with the headquarters in Paris to find out just what work could be usefully undertaken by volunteers from America. Consequently there was a delay of several months before I received any request for my services. On August 9,

however, a cable from Major Murphy was received in Washington which gave me a very definite idea of what was wanted of me. Transmitted to me it read: "Murphy cables from Paris to inquire whether you would undertake interesting position involving hard work and some risk. You would be in close touch with officers of French troops and under military authority. Work would consist in managing Canteens serving troops near front. Please wire answer." It did not take me long to decide to accept this service, as I felt that the work would be really useful and I considered my knowledge of French sufficiently good for such an undertaking. I felt that in addition to the actual work of the Canteen I could be of use also in spreading the information among the French soldiers that America was in earnest in entering the war, and that American troops would soon be coming over the sea in large numbers. This, it seemed to me, was quite as

important as any other part of the work, as we had entered the war only a few months before and such a possibility of encouragement to the French soldiers might be well worth while. This proved to be the case, and I was able to give welcome assurance to many poor, tired French *poilus* who needed just such help. I was the only American in the part of Flanders where my work took me.

The Canteen distribution also proved increasingly popular at the front, as is shown by the fact that whereas at first 5600 cups of hot chocolate, tea, and coffee were given out each week, toward the end of my service, when the work had become well known and sought for by the officers and men of the French troops, we were able to serve 15,000 cups each week.

It was indeed a privilege for me to have had this chance to serve for the American Red Cross in their splendid and generous work, and the part that I took, however

small, gave me an opportunity, which I shall never forget, of representing American sympathy with the French soldiers, so wonderfully conveyed by the Red Cross.

H. M. S.

Christmas
1918

JOURNAL

OF A CANTEEN WORKER

JOURNAL

1917

August 28

AFTER waiting from Saturday until Tuesday, passengers on the "Chicago" were told to be aboard by three o'clock this afternoon, only to be told upon their arrival that the ship would not start before midnight. However, as it was very hot ashore, I decided to stay aboard until she started.

August 29

Left the dock at 6.45 this morning and down the harbor, passing a great many tank steamers, several transports waiting for our troops, and two English cruisers. The weather was overcast when we started, but turned out fine early in the day. My state-room is perfectly good and I have it to myself, except for one rat and several cockroaches. I chanced to see the rat walking over my berth, and then saw him drop into my uniform, which was hanging on a hook beneath him. I shook the uniform as soon as I could get out of my berth, but somehow the rat

got away from me, and as the state-room door was closed I fear that he is still my room-mate. At sundown all the windows and ports on the ship were closed and covered with wood on the inside, and to say that the rooms are hot is putting it very mildly; so that in spite of the fact that my room-mate the rat has been caught in a trap, I am afraid that the night will be unpleasant from the heat.

August 30

Following the example of many, I passed the first part of last night sleeping in my steamer chair on deck to avoid the heat below, and not until 3 o'clock did I come below to my state-room. As soon as day broke I opened my port-hole and cooled the room off. This morning at nine o'clock we passed a large steamer bound into New York. At 3.30 p.m. passed a four-masted schooner bound east. A boat drill was ordered at 4 o'clock, each passenger to put on a life-preserver and report at his designated life-boat. The passengers that reported at the boat that I should be in were the poorest-looking crowd of any on our side of the ship, while the next life-

boat to mine took in most of my friends. The run from noon yesterday to noon to-day was 300 miles.

August 31

Beautiful, but warm and muggy, as we are in the Gulf Stream. Either they are not expert in steering this ship on a straight course, or else they are purposely steering a zigzag course, which last would seem strange as both the forward and after guns are still covered, and that would seem to indicate that no submarine trouble is looked for at present. There is considerable drilling on deck by a company of young men bound to France as ambulance drivers. Run from noon yesterday to noon to-day was 306 miles.

September 1

Wind has shifted to the northeast and it is now cool, although we are still in the Gulf Stream. It is at present cool enough to sleep in my stateroom even though everything is closed up after dark. Passed a steamer a mile off bound west. Little old sea toward night. Run from yester-

day 301 miles. No latitude or longitude given at any time.

September 2

Beautiful bright day. I think we must still be in the Gulf Stream from the appearance of the water. A little rougher than it has been and quite a number of people seasick. Speaking of the passengers, there are quite a good many pleasant people: Winston Churchill, Dr. E. A. Crockett, Ralph Preston, and Arthur D. Hill are old friends, and I have met about a dozen more attractive passengers. Pretty unexpected in these times. Toward sundown there was quite a rough confused sea, which the ship took remarkably well. Run for past 24 hours to noon to-day 307 miles.

September 3

Still quite a confused sea, but wind more westerly. Passed a small schooner bound east, not as large as the "Constellation," with square-sail set, which reminded me of my West Indian cruise. Still in the Gulf Stream, I think. Run to noon to-day 300 miles.

September 4

Sea much calmer and weather cloudy and colder. Seem to be out of the Gulf Stream. Run to noon to-day was 303 miles, so by to-morrow noon we should be more than two-thirds of the way across and near the submarine danger zone. Another rat has been caught. I had suspected him, as I found a lot of small pieces of paper chewed up on my floor. So much the better.

September 5

Dull and gray, not much wind, but considerable following sea. In the morning passed a freight steamer going west, apparently safe from the danger zone. This afternoon they are taking the covers off the life-boats, which looks more like business. Run to-day to noon was 306 miles. In the middle of the afternoon passed what probably was a Navy cruiser going west, but so far to the south of us that it was uncertain what she was.

September 6

Cloudy, westerly wind. About eleven o'clock this morning the life-boats were swung out and life-lines hung over the side of the ship. Run to noon to-day 325 miles. To-night all the passengers are instructed to sleep with their clothes on and to have their life-preserver near them. Many will sleep on deck, but I have decided to sleep all dressed in my state-room. I have my trench coat ready and my passport, letter of credit, etc., in my pocket, and as I know exactly where my life-boat is, I feel very secure. It is a very dark night and raining. To-morrow night I think there will be more danger and I may sleep on deck, and then again I may not. After all I do not feel in the least disturbed.

September 7

Fine clear day and smooth sea. Feel sure now that, when the ship was zigzagging the other day, it was on account of a bad helmsman, as she has held a straight course ever since. Passed a bark this morning bound southwest. The captain of the "Chicago" has now ordered that no

uniforms are to be worn on deck, but this does not trouble me as I have not worn mine since coming aboard. He is afraid that we would be more liable to be sunk without warning if a submarine should see troops on board the steamer. Just before noon passed a full-rigged ship, with all sail set, about half a mile away. She was bound west, and it augurs well for us that a submarine did not get her, as she has passed through the very water that we are headed for. At sundown a French boat (about the size of a torpedo boat) came alongside, signaled something, and then departed. At the same time we passed a steamer on our other side bound west. Run to noon to-day 323 miles. The same precautions are required for to-night as last night, and of course they should be as we are further into the danger zone than before. However, I think the passengers are more accustomed to the whole business than they were last night. It is an infernal nuisance just the same. I have decided to sleep in my state-room with all my clothes on and everything handy in case of trouble.

September 8

Beautiful bright clear day. Due to arrive in Bordeaux late to-night, but too late to catch night train to Paris I am afraid. Met out about 40 miles from shore by several patrol boats and French torpedo boat and an airplane. Arrived in the port of Le Verdon (which is connected with Bordeaux by the River Gironde) and the customs officials boarded us, while we waited for the tide to let us up the river. Everything went through the officials easily with me. We started up the river at 8 o'clock in the evening and arrived at the dock at Bordeaux at 2 in the morning. I decided to take the 2.30 a.m. train for Paris, so that I might look about for a room Sunday afternoon.

September 9

After a perfectly good night in the train I arrived in Paris at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon and went at once to the Hotel Crillon on the Place de la Concorde. I got a temporary room and bath there and lunched at once, as I had eaten nothing since 7 p.m. the evening before. After lunch went to Red Cross headquarters, but being

Sunday, Major Murphy was not there. Walked up in the Champs Elysées and found it just as crowded and merry as it was before the war. It was impossible to imagine the fighting really going on not many miles away. Just as I had started to eat my dinner at the hotel, Hugh Scott, Billy Patten, and Gerry Chadwick walked in and sat down with me. After dinner went to a very poor show at the Folies Marigny.

September 10

Went this morning to meet Major Murphy, and was also introduced to Mr. Fithian, who assigns the Canteen work from the Paris office. He explained the work in a general way. It seems that I go with one French officer to some place practically at the very front, or very near it, and work there for three months; then eight days off, and again back for three months. After those six months I am not obliged or expected to do that particular work any more and could even come home, for a while or for good, if I chose to; but I feel sure that things will shape up after then by themselves, and I cannot yet say what

will turn up to do. My goodness, how interesting it is going to be! I shall be obliged to have a gas mask with me all the time and a metal helmet. . . . I shall, of course, be lonely at times, but so busy that it will be counterbalanced. I do not yet know what French officer I shall go with, nor where I shall be sent, nor exactly how soon, but I understand that it won't be a very long wait. I shall know much more definitely soon. Dined with Hugh Scott, Billy Patten, and a man named Hale, who starts to-morrow on just the same work that I am to do. He has been waiting in Paris for three weeks, so perhaps I shall be more delayed than I think. After dinner Billy Patten and I went down to the Gare de l'Est, where a Canteen had been opened for soldiers just returned from the front. It was most interesting and gave me a taste of what I shall be doing at much closer range. Each man was given hot soup or coffee and bread, and afterward we gave each one a cigar and a small American flag. They were all the most simple and good-mannered men you could wish to see. Some were more or less dazed, and one poor fellow, after three years away at the war,

was told at this Canteen that his wife had disappeared and his household broken up while he was away. He went about telling every one of his misfortune. It was most pathetic. We did not get back from this work until 1 o'clock. At present there is no hot water in Paris except Saturday and Sunday, and Monday and Tuesday are meatless days, yet every one seems perfectly satisfied.

September 11

Went by invitation to the daily meeting of the heads of departments held at the Red Cross office at 9 a.m. Nothing of particular importance brought up. Went shopping during the morning and bought the few remaining necessary things that I may need. Immediately after lunch I was called up by telephone from the Red Cross office. I went right over, and find that I am wanted to go to London to buy a large number of splints. This is expected of me during the time that I am waiting for the opening for my Canteen service. I consulted with Mr. Fithian of the Canteen Department, who advised me surely to go to London and that he would keep

the Canteen work open for me. The proposed work in London may take three or four weeks, but he said that that would make no difference, so to-morrow morning I am to hear definitely about the London trip. I should like to go over there under the circumstances. Dined with Hugh Scott.

September 12

On thinking the London trip carefully over I have come to the conclusion that once in England I might get sidetracked as a purchasing agent, and as I came over here to do Canteen service at the front, I should not like to be in England for three or four weeks and possibly lose a good opportunity in the Canteen work by not being on the spot. I have therefore arranged not to go to London, but wait my chance for Canteen service and stay in Paris until the opportunity comes.

September 13

It was just as well that I decided against the trip to England, as, instead of waiting three weeks to get off to the Canteen service, I expect to get off

on Sunday. I was taken to-day to meet my co-worker, a French officer in their Red Cross, who goes out with me. He is very much younger than I, and seems a first-rate fellow. His name is de la Jousselinière. We go out to a small town called Oostvleteren, not more than twenty-five miles from Dunkirk, right in the midst of everything. I have been given my helmet and mask, and what with a few extra purchases I think I must have everything that will be necessary.

September 14

Went and got my necessary papers from the French Red Cross this morning and then some more shopping. Bought a pair of field glasses (which can be used later on the "Constellation" as an addition to my collection). Made arrangements at Brentano's to have papers and picture papers sent out to me regularly, and I hope they will come. I had thought that all my shopping was finished, but something is always turning up that I may need. Dined at Foyot's, on the other side of the river, with Billy Patten, Gerry Chadwick, and Dan Sargent.

September 15

Went to the banker's this morning and drew money. Lunched with Mr. Pomeroy at his apartment (the second in command of the "Canteens at the Front" Department at the Red Cross office), and in the afternoon had a call from M. Jaud de la Jousselinière, my fellow Canteen worker, or *convoyeur*, as it is called. He is a very pleasant young man, twenty-three years old, has lost all his money, which was in a business at Rheims. He speaks a little English and wants to learn more, but he seems also to understand my French. We went out and got our transportation to Dunkirk for to-morrow night, and we shall leave there Monday morning for our Canteen, at a small town called Oostvleteren. He is to dine with me to-morrow evening before we start. All the rest of the afternoon I have been packing, and it is no easy job to pack all that one may want for the next six months in comparatively small space. Dined with Billy Patten and Dan Sargent.

H. M. Sears and J. de la Jousselinière

September 16

Nothing much to do to-day but wait for the train, which starts at about 7 o'clock this evening. My fellow-worker, M. de la Jousselinière, met me at my hotel at five and dined with me before we took the train.

September 17

Sat up in the regular compartment all night, but slept all right enough. We went to Dunkirk *via* Boulogne and Calais, reaching Dunkirk about half-past nine this morning. Did some errands and took lunch at the Hotel Chapeau Rouge in Dunkirk, and then at about noon took another train in the direction of our Canteen and made the final stage in our journey to Oostvleteren in a motor-truck with our baggage. Nothing about but French, English, and a few Belgian soldiers. Our quarters are not what you would call elaborate, and every one that my friend knew (he has done Canteen work at Oostvleteren before) has gone, as they have changed the Division here at the front. Dunkirk had been bombarded from the air last week and there was considerable evidence of it there. This place is much nearer the

front and you can hear the cannon, but here we are in no danger. My friend, de la Jousselinière, is rather discouraged to-night, with his friends all gone, but he will probably cheer up to-morrow. He says that with the new Division here, the Canteen arrangements will have to be all started again. The worst feature from my point of view is that the address for my mail, which I left at the Red Cross office in Paris, is no longer correct, and I shall have to arrange about that the first thing. I have not had a word from home, very naturally, as the boats are slow and irregular; but as it is almost four weeks since I left, I could stand a little news. I think a mail should arrive in Paris to-morrow, and I hope I can get the correct address in time to let them know in Paris before they forward anything. We dined with the local doctor, who lives near. The fourth diner was a Catholic priest (now a military chaplain), whose name is Monsieur Fardet, and who lives in the same little shanty that we do. After dinner we took a short walk, and the front line looked like flashes of lightning in summer. It was very pretty, but there was very little noise except once, when something burst rather nearer than usual.

September 18

Passed a perfectly good night in my sleeping-bag and had two cups of coffee for my breakfast. As the Army Division that was here before left yesterday, everything is changed and for a few days we can do no real Canteen work, but only make our arrangements. As a result of the shifting of the Division, we had to walk to a neighboring town to make the first of our plans. My friend seems very well satisfied with our morning's work and tells me that having me along (the first American that has been seen hereabouts) makes it much easier for him to get a good hearing from the superior officers. I hope this will continue. We saw a great many French airplanes being fired at by the Germans, but fortunately none were brought down. We have unpacked nothing that is not absolutely necessary, as we are not sure that we shall not have to move in a few days to meet the change of Army Divisions. We lunched at a house near our quarters and went into the nearest town to see General Basserres in regard to our work. The General was not at home, so we did some other work that we had to do, and back to the old farm by six o'clock.

September 19

Went into town this morning early to see the General that we missed seeing yesterday, but as luck would have it he was not in his office at all this morning. My friend saw several officers that he had known before and our morning was not wasted. I had one disappointment, however, as while we were in town a German airplane (one of their best kind) was brought down very near the farm where we are living. The Germans in the machine were uninjured and taken prisoners, and the airplane was almost intact. Only a propeller blade slightly broken. While I am writing there are seven in the air (French) almost overhead. This evening there was quite a fight near our farm with seven German airplanes which were dropping bombs not far from here. I was playing Bridge with some English soldiers who occupy the part of the farm that we do not use, so I do not know what damage was done. It sounds very gay, does n't it?

September 20

Showery weather to-day. Lots of French planes over us in the early morning. My co-worker, de la Jousselinière (whom I shall call "Juicy" for short), had a bad headache last night, but is much better this morning and eager as I am to get to work; but until we have horses and men to move our supplies each day to the different points at the line, we are bound hand and foot. To secure these means of carrying out our work has been our reason for visiting the different officers during the past three days. While I write the windows in this little farmhouse are rattling just as they do at home when they are firing big guns in summer at target practice. This afternoon there were about a dozen observation balloons overhead (called *saucisses* by the French). One of them was attacked by a German plane, which was fired upon by the French anti-aircraft guns, but got away. The balloon began to descend, but quickly eight or ten French planes appeared and the balloon was again sent up. These balloons are fastened by a long wire rope to a heavy automobile (with a telephone also connecting with the automobile), and they are

really led about in this way. The balloon which had just been attacked half an hour before was led by its automobile into a field not fifty yards from our farm and hauled down there, and its two occupants got out with the charts that they had drawn. It would have made a splendid photograph, but was all done and over so quickly that I did not have time to get a snap-shot at it. We have waited near the farm all day today, as we were told that two officers, whom we need to see in our business, would be here, but the day has been wasted as they never appeared. Really we have had bad luck in getting started in our Canteen work so far, but we hope soon to be at it. If only that first Division had remained here with their equipment, we should have been really at work before this.

September 21

The booming of the cannon in the distance is very impressive and awful all night long, but in my mind I find it something almost like a very wicked child who is doing something naughty without any real idea of why it started such

a tantrum. All so unnecessary and avoidable. "Juicy" and I visited our General (whom we had missed so many times) this morning. He has just assumed command of the Medical Department and, although very polite, did not seem to have the initiative to give us any direct orders, which would allow us to go ahead and do Canteen work, but told us to come back in two days. That will make just a week wasted for us, and only because the first Division happened to be relieved just the day we arrived. At any rate we have been working hard, during the time we have been here, trying to get through with the "red tape" that should be unnecessary in our voluntary and unpaid Red Cross work; but our hard work has consisted in long walks where we should have had an automobile, and we trying all the time only to get means of conveying, to the different points, the supplies that we have on hand with us. However, we propose to deliver what supplies we can on foot, while waiting for the proper and necessary means. This change of Army Division has just been hard luck for us. This afternoon we walked about five miles and delivered quite a lot of tea, chocolate,

and sugar. It took almost all the afternoon, and if we had had the proper conveniences, we could have more than doubled our work. On our way we saw a German observation balloon in the distance, also a German airplane being unsuccessfully fired upon by French anti-aircraft guns. No letters from home yet, although I have been gone four weeks. Not even my newspapers which I ordered from Paris before I left there. To-night there were some German airplanes about, and while we were at dinner we were suddenly called out to see an Allies' observation balloon falling in flames, evidently hit by a German plane. The German appeared to have escaped in the darkness. All the rest of the evening the sky was lighted with searchlights in every direction and real fireworks to help light the sky. French airplanes can be heard everywhere now as I write.

September 22

This morning we had nothing in the Canteen line that we could do, as we are not to see the General again until to-morrow morning, so I took the spare time to build a little table, to go

by the head of my bed. "Juicy" took a snapshot at me while I was at my carpentering work. This afternoon, as there was no work to do, I took a five mile tramp to have some laundry work done, only to find that the laundry had been moved. However, I think I can find some woman hereabouts who can do it, otherwise I will do it myself. To-night may be the last night that we are to dine with some very pleasant friends with whom we have been for the past week, really most gentlemenly men (with two exceptions of the chauffeur class, but being French they were really charming) and, as there were to be two extra French *poilus* guests, I thought it might be pleasant for them if I brought my flask of Cognac, and gave them a toast to the French, assuring them that the American Army was collecting and America was really with them. They seemed much pleased with the toast and drank to the Americans. It all went off very well, and I was glad to have had the chance to say a few very badly expressed French words.

September 23

Went to the neighboring town this morning, most of the way on foot, to see the General (who two days ago told us to come back this morning), but he found difficulties for us. We are to telephone him this evening, but I doubt if anything real happens which will allow us to proceed at once with our work. As matters now stand, we really have nowhere where we are entitled to eat until the General allows us to go ahead, but the nearby doctor and the priest (with whom we took our dinner the first night) are taking us in for to-day, and we bring canned food with us to help out their table. On our way back from our visit to the General this morning we happened to be in a position to see a big fight in the air between ten German and ten French airplanes. The Germans were fired on from several different points by French anti-aircraft guns. We could see nobody seriously disabled. It was most interesting, and was an unusually big fight from the point of view of numbers of planes. We have just been telephoning to the General, who tells us that in order to get to work we must have what is called a *carnet rouge*. This

we can only get in Paris, so we are off for that city to-morrow, and when we return with the blooming thing we are promised that we can begin our work.

September 24

My friend "Juicy" and I left the farm for Paris early this morning. We got up at four a.m., and were on the road in the dark walking towards Dunkirk at five o'clock. Our train from Dunkirk for Paris started at ten o'clock in the morning. The first "free ride" we got was in a little four-wheeled, horse-driven wagon with four *poilus* inside and two outside. We drove in this for one and a half hours and then transferred to an English automobile transport, which got us into Dunkirk in time for our train. After a perfectly good all day trip in the train we arrived in Paris at half-past eight p.m. I went to the Hotel Crillon, dined, and to bed. "Juicy" went to his home at Neuilly.

September 25

This morning we visited together both the American and the French Red Cross offices and told

them our needs in the matter of additional papers. In the evening I dined with Billy Patten and Gerry Chadwick in their newly furnished apartment on the other side of the river.

September 26

This morning we went back to the French Red Cross and got what they thought were the final necessary papers, and that night started back for Dunkirk by train at seven p.m. A large French family were in the same railroad carriage with us, and as they left the train at half-past two a.m. there was very little sleep for us before that hour.

September 27

We arrived back at Dunkirk at half-past nine a.m. We worked hard all day seeing different officers without much success. Spent the night at Dunkirk. Just after dinner, and as we were going to bed, the siren announcing an air raid began to blow, and soon the city, which is not at all large, was being bombarded from the air. The explosions were fairly near us, and one in par-

ticular shook our hotel, but in less than half an hour the bombardment was over and no damage to us.

September 28

In the morning our endeavors to get started in our work took us into the country. We had only a little more luck and were obliged to return to Dunkirk to await notice from the French General Headquarters as to our papers. Another bombardment from the air, but nothing quite so close to us as the night before. Here we are to-day waiting for word to get to work. They say that one of the raiding German planes was brought down last night, but it is only gossip. When we finally are settled, and it should be soon now, I shall be delighted.

September 29

Waited all day at Dunkirk for word from French Headquarters, but nothing came. However, the entire day was not without excitement. Just after dinner I decided to go to bed, and as I was undressing, the siren began to whistle again. I got into bed, but this time the noise of

the dropping bombs was tremendous. Finally I went to the window and saw that a building within two hundred yards of us was on fire.

"Juicy" called from his room, next door, to say that he thought we had better dress and go downstairs. This we did, and found everything in great excitement. Women were screaming in the streets and being shoved under cover. Presently a dead boy was brought by on a stretcher, and a few minutes later a man who, they said, was dying.

The bombardment was quite long — perhaps one and a half hours — and when it was finally over, we went round the corner, where the fire was, and found a whole block in flames. Here we heard that several people had been killed, also a large number in an open square not two minutes' walk from our hotel.

September 30

This morning, after breakfast, went to look at the damage by daylight. We met a doctor friend of "Juicy's," who was going to the Military Hospital to look for a man that he had seen

wounded the night before, and he asked us along. There we saw — stretched out in rows — twenty-seven terribly mangled bodies, including two small boys between ten and twelve years old. Almost at the same time that we arrived the father of one of the boys came in and recognized his son. It was too pathetic for words. We afterwards went to see the damage done in the square, and found that there had been a tremendous amount. A little store, where I had bought some English papers just before dinner last evening, was entirely gutted and out of commission. A handsome church was very badly damaged.

We have not yet heard from French Headquarters, so we shall have to spend another night at Dunkirk. As the moon is actually full to-night and not a cloud in the sky, I imagine the old siren will pipe up again for another raid.

October 1

The unexpected happened and there was no air raid last night. We hear that they went over to Calais instead.

As there was still no word from French Head-

quarters, I asked "Juicy" to go there, as I was obliged to stay at Dunkirk and not allowed to go further into the war zone until I had the correct papers. He returned as quickly as possible to report that at last everything was correct, and that all that was needed now was a few details about myself (age, etc.), to be written into a *carnet rouge*, which was the only paper that I had lacked all this time and which we had so reported to the French Red Cross in Paris, only to be told by them that it was not necessary. Hence all this delay. We were then able to return to the little old farm, which seemed almost like home when we arrived there in time for dinner. Now we can go ahead with our work, although it will probably take several days to get men and horses which are essential.

In the evening there were plenty of German planes about, being hunted for by searchlights, and, when seen, fired upon from the ground. Very pretty sight!

October 2

Rather noisy night from the airplanes dropping things, but perfectly all right. Delivered on foot

The Little Old Farm-House at Oostvleteren

quite a lot of coffee, chocolate, etc., just to show that, after our absence, we were still alive; also looked about for places to establish two or three "annexes," or places where we can furnish the soldiers, just in from the trenches, with writing-paper, playing-cards, etc. This afternoon "Juicy" and Monsieur Fardet, the priest next door, made a table out in the grass back of the farm, as there was nothing that we could do this afternoon in our work.

Usual firework and searchlight effect in trying for German planes just overhead, and several bombs dropped in our neighborhood.

October 3

To-day is cloudy and threatening (the first since I left America) and we have some walking to do. Luckily no rain during the time we were away — from eight a.m. until four p.m. We accomplished our mission and now we shall have three men, two horses, and a wagon, and can begin to do some good distributing of our supplies. Thank goodness, after all our work!

There has been a great movement of troops

and cannon here the past two days and they look for a new offensive soon on our part at the front. However, it was very quiet all the evening, due principally to the fact that it was cloudy, which prevented the usual airplane diversion.

October 4

To-day it is raining, but it does not matter very much, as we do not expect our first supply of charcoal out at the farm until to-night, so we could not heat our tea, chocolate, and coffee. However, comparatively little now remains between us and our work. Our horses and a wagon have already arrived and are stabled nearby. "Juicy" has just gone into a neighboring town to try and get a thick overcoat, as he came away without one.

Yesterday evening we felt the first cold breath of autumn. While he was away, I took a walk with my friend the priest. After lunch "Juicy" went to a neighboring town to make definite arrangements for having his and my share of the food provided at the *popote* or small dining club where we eat, and the priest and I went to

look at some poor, miserable, bombarded houses near our farm, where our Canteen might distribute writing-paper, playing-cards, cigarettes, etc., to the soldiers just coming from or going to the trenches.

Heavy rain falls to-night and very heavy firing all along the line.

October 5

Weather all cleared and beautiful, but rather cold morning.

This morning we secured a deserted house, in fairly good condition, where we are going to set up an "annex" to our work, where we shall have hot tea, coffee, and chocolate, also playing-cards and writing-paper, which we shall give away to the soldiers. The house is right on the main road leading to the front. We are going to nail up a sign, notifying the passing soldiers that it is a French-American place, with crossed American and French flags, and saying that there is no charge for anything. Most useful, I think. Our daily supplies of hot tea, coffee, and chocolate have now begun to go out regularly to three different points along another main road,

and these we replenish twice each day. All this is in addition to what we shall find it possible to do ourselves.

"Juicy" went to Dunkirk after lunch. He expected to go to-morrow, but got a good chance in an automobile this afternoon. He may be back to-night and he may not. The few errands I have to do at Dunkirk he can do for me.

October 6

Quiet night. Cold, damp, and cloudy morning. "Juicy" did not get back from Dunkirk last night, so I have run the establishment alone. Took a walk with the priest this morning before lunch. "Juicy" not back from Dunkirk; sent out supplies for the night. Raining all day. This afternoon, before "Juicy" got back, I had a visit from Mr. Pomeroy (second in command of the "Canteens at the Front" Department in the American Red Cross office at Paris).

"Juicy" arrived back while he was here and had bought for me two bicycles, which I hope we shall find useful.

October 7

A great deal of noise during last night from the big guns, which really kept the windows rattling most of the night, but I am quite used to it now and it does n't really bother my sleep.

To-day began fine, with loads of mud left over after yesterday's rain. Just before lunch the rain began again and continued steadily all the afternoon, making the mud deeper than ever.

There is surely to be an attack by the French this week, as our dining club, or *popote* as it is called, is to be increased by the chief doctor of the Division and his adjutant. They are coming here to be nearer the seat of action and to look after the general question of first aid to the wounded.

Big guns are going by to the front, also soldiers in motor-buses. These poor wretches have no knapsacks with them and are provided with six days' rations. They are an unhappy looking lot.

My young friend "Juicy" evidently wrote home to his mother that I was taking good care of him (he is only just twenty-four last week), as I received a very sweet letter from her this afternoon, which I shall answer to-morrow.

October 8

We have decided to use part of the house, where we are to have our "annex," as our future domicile, and are moving to-day. The little farm is fine in warm, dry weather, but in our last few days of rain and mud, it has become apparent that it would be very damp and cold in winter, and I am also afraid that "Juicy" would get sick if he were to remain, so we are off. I really shall miss the little farmhouse, but am sure the move is wise.

So far to-day the weather is fine for our moving day, but changes are sudden here. We got right at work with our moving and before lunch we were over at the new establishment, although not yet unpacked. It is really very much drier, although the other place would be much better and more attractive in the warm weather. "Juicy" and I each have an attic room (only two stories in the house), and the floors are wood instead of tiles, which is much warmer. When we get fixed up here, we shall be all right. Downstairs we shall run an "annex," as originally planned.

This afternoon it began to rain hard, and at

Our Second Domicile at Oostvleteren

about six p.m. the two Canteen workers who are to look after the section to the south of us arrived. The American of this outfit is a young man named Tyng. No arrangements had been made for them for the night, and, as their station is about six miles off, we put Tyng up for the night and his French fellow-worker slept at the infirmary. They dined at our place.

October 9

Dull and gray this morning, and the French attack is about to begin, we are told. "Juicy" and I were all loaded with supplies to take nearer the front, when we were told that the French Red Cross Supervisors from Paris (the same ones that made so much delay for us by not giving us the necessary papers) were due here this morning, so it was out of the question for "Juicy" to be away when they arrived. We had to give up our plan, whereby we should have taken up the ingredients to give twelve hundred men each a cup of tea or chocolate, and wait for these two Frenchmen.

The French attack, it now seems, started this

morning, and there is quite a feeling of excitement hereabouts. I saw an English ambulance, which stopped on the road, and inside were three badly wounded Germans. Two of them were lying on stretchers, and one was sitting up, wounded in the head and simply covered with blood. The French troops just out of the trenches are covered with mud, as are the horses from the front.

October 10

Dull and threatening this morning. Rode on our bicycles to two of our posts of distribution this morning. Now that the French attack is on, it is very hard to get even one man to help us, but we now have one (instead of three, as we are supposed to have), and he may be with us only temporarily. However, after the attack is over, it will probably be much easier to get help.

In spite of the lack of men, we have to-day given hot chocolate and tea to a great many passing soldiers, besides distributing at our regular posts. Naturally, with the French attack on, more than the usual number of soldiers are passing our new "annex" and residence, and,

as the weather has been cold to-day — and raining at times — these hot drinks have been very much appreciated.

October 11

To-day starts in cold but fine — we shall see what changes come in the weather during the day. There is enough wind to dry up the mud quickly, and, unless more rain comes, conditions should be much more easy for the poor, miserable men in the trenches, who yesterday were almost up to their waists in the mud. In spite of all their hardships, these soldiers — at this part of the front, at any rate — are a very cheerful lot. This day remained sunny and the sun is drying the mud nicely. Our distribution of tea, chocolate, etc., downstairs has not been as large as yesterday, as the troops are not relieving each other as much.

October 12

Started in raining hard and fairly cold. We now have two men working for us, but we need three to keep the hot drinks going all the time, and then we shall have more chance ourselves to do

useful work outside. However, matters are beginning to shape themselves better after our long delay with the officials and the lack of men. I am sure we can do very good work if we are given a chance.

We now have the use of a Ford car jointly with the other two Canteen workers who are now looking after the district to the south of us, but it has only shown up one evening late.

I should like to get into Dunkirk to buy a few things, among them a pillow to go under my head at night. I had one when I started, but I lent it to a fellow-passenger on the "Chicago" and it was lost. I have been sleeping so far with the lining of my trench coat rolled up as a pillow, but it is not too comfortable, although I have got almost accustomed to it now.

The weather has now begun to clear, but I fear that enough rain has fallen to make everything in the trenches muddy again after yesterday's drying.

A great number of soldiers have passed our "annex" to-day, on their way to the trenches, where the attack, I understand, is to be resumed very forcibly to-morrow, and that has kept

us very busy seeing that they had enough hot chocolate, tea, etc., and we are making the best distribution to-day that we have so far been able to.

Raining hard all the afternoon, but still doing a thriving business.

October 13

Day starts in fine, and let 's hope it will stay so, for the soldiers who are to make an attack this morning.

Am starting for Dunkirk in the motor at seven a.m. to do a little shopping. As usual the day gradually clouded, and by the time I arrived at Dunkirk it had settled down into a steady, all-day rain. I did my own shopping and some commissions for every one at our dining club, and got back just in time for dinner. Unfortunately, our little club of four has been increased by one in the person of a French Jew priest, who had taken an occasional meal with us before, and who does not add at all. Our other French priest at table is fine, and we like him very much. My new pillow works finely. The priests about here are all connected with the army, to look

after the dying and help the sick and wounded in any way that they can.

October 14

Again the weather starts in fine. Just after lunch five German planes flew over and were fired at from the ground, but with no hits. They were evidently taking account of stock and may be around again later.

Great many scraps in the air all the afternoon, and one observation balloon brought down.

Good weather all day!

October 15

Started in partly cloudy and cold. Very noisy all night, with many planes about. Each of the observation balloons has two parachutes, and the men in the balloon that was brought down last evening escaped in these parachutes.

We are having two painted signs put up outside our Canteen, with the American and French flags crossed on them, which will look well and serve to advertise the fact that America is on board.

I have been superintending a soldier-carpen-

SERVICE DE SANTE

LES CANTINES FRANCO-AMERICAINES

Organisées par la Société de Secours aux Blessés militaires et par la Croix Rouge Américaine.

DISTRIBUTION de BOISSONS CHAUDES

MAISON DU SOLDAT AU FRONT

ter, who is making the wooden frames for these signs, and he has been quite interesting to talk with, although his French is very hard to understand.

Strange to say, there was no rain to-day!

October 16

Still beautiful, cold weather. No kick coming on the weather the past two days.

Last night bid fair to be noisy from the planes, but they gave it up after about one-half hour. The sky was crossed in every direction with searchlights. I counted fifteen big lights searching around at one time. It was really very beautiful.

We are now giving out over one thousand hot drinks (of course no alcohol) per day, and have not yet been able to do anything outside our Canteen by ourselves, as we are getting everything in shape and still lack one man. Fairly good work, when you think that it would give about one drink to each man of the Harvard Regiment. Of course most of the troops passing our Canteen are in formation and do not stop,

and so it is only to those off duty that we can give.

One poor soldier came in late this afternoon, covered with mud and just from the trenches, with his feet in such condition that he had to be helped by another soldier.

My young friend "Juicy" has such a cold that I have ordered him to stay in bed to-morrow morning. All three of our fellow-diners (thank goodness the Jew priest has gone) have very bad colds and are coughing all the time. I am lucky not to have one yet.

October 17

Another day opens with fine weather. It is really wicked that the conditions were not like this when they had the attack on. Then the weather was so bad that they were very seriously handicapped, after all their preparations were made.

"Juicy" is obeying orders and is still in bed, but says he is better. I hope so. After taking a little coffee he has just "rendered" it, but I think it will be the very best thing for him. I've been over to ask the Doctor to look in, but I am

quite confident that everything is all right; still, I have a little fatherly anxiety about the young man, way out here in the country, and want everything to go well with him. The Doctor came before lunch and said he would be all right soon, and that he might get up and take things easily.

While waiting for the Doctor before going to lunch, I saw a small battle in the air and one of the German planes was brought down. Very interesting and satisfactory so long as it was a German — one less to drop bombs on defenceless places.

The proprietress of our house came in to-day to look things over, and I only hope she does not want to come back. I don't know just what our rights would be in such a case.

Rather expected letters this afternoon, but no such luck.

On my way back from the little shanty where they deliver the mail, I saw four miserable French soldiers lying in great pain at the side of the street. Their feet had been frozen in the trenches and they had been sent back on foot. They were very pitiable, covered with mud, and very likely will have to have their feet amputated. They had

been given a lift in a passing automobile for a short part of the distance, and then left to be taken to the hospital by whatever authority saw them first. When I got there, a motor had just been ordered.

In the small crowd around them was a soldier, who, after looking me carefully over, asked me if I was an American. When I told him that I was, he seemed much pleased, and said that I was the first American he had ever seen and that he always would remember me. Rather amusing, I thought.

October 18

Although it rained during the night, the weather is fine this morning. I begin to think that we had a touch of winter before its time. "Juicy" says that he has recovered his health, but he still has rather a bad cough.

This morning we bicycled over to see our neighboring Canteen workers to the south of us and found them not so well fixed as we are and not doing so good a business. The American, Tyng, does not care much about his French companion, who he says is very lazy.

My Friend the Priest, M. Fardet

Just after lunch, the French priest and I were throwing stones at a tin can in the field opposite our dining-place. There was an observation balloon exactly overhead.

Suddenly we heard a whirr in the air and saw two German planes coming at a tremendous pace right for the balloon. There was immediately a great to-do—lots of shots from the ground at the planes, also from the balloon. They kept right on, and one of them dropped an incendiary bomb on to the balloon. At once the two men in the balloon jumped out, hitched to their parachutes, and in a twinkling their balloon was in flames. Some pieces of the balloon actually dropped onto my coat, but they were so burnt up that they crumpled in my hand. The two men from the balloon in their parachutes landed safely, and so near us that we went and heard their comments. One of them had never had to use a parachute before—the other one only once. It was a real sight, at close hand, of modern methods of war, and I was very lucky to be on the spot. The men in the parachutes were fired upon by the German planes, as they descended, but luckily were not hit.

October 19

Day starts in cloudy, but there are possibilities of clearing. "Juicy" has gone to Dunkirk to do some shopping.

After several days' work by the carpenter and then by the painter, we finally have one of our signs up over the front door, with its crossed American and French flags, and I have noticed hundreds of soldiers look at it as they marched by to-day.

"Juicy" got back from Dunkirk in time for dinner, having finished all his shopping successfully.

Nothing of interest happened to-day.

October 20

Very unusually noisy, it seemed to me, on the line between three o'clock and five o'clock this morning.

Day starts fine. This morning "Juicy" and I went in search of an officer who we thought would like us to send him some of our hot stuff. It was at the front, and "Juicy" lost his way, with the result that we were under shell fire.

One shell burst near us and pieces of it came altogether too near for comfort. We have now learnt the correct way to find this officer, and this chance will not be taken again, as it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, two shells burst near us, and a third not too far away.

When a shell is heard whizzing in your direction it is the correct thing to get flat on the ground and wait for the shell to burst. This we did at once, you may be sure. You need not worry, as I do not mean to take foolish chances.

At the front you see nobody, as they are all concealed most of the time.

This afternoon we walked about seven miles to meet an officer who wants us to send his troops chocolate, and we shall eventually try to do it, but I am not sure whether our goods will arrive sufficiently hot.

I, too, now have a cold.

The airplanes have been about to-night and dropped a few bombs, but now seem gone.

October 21

The weather has certainly treated us well the past few days and there is no complaint to make about it.

Last night they made a tremendous racket at the front, and I almost think there must have been an attack.

A regiment stopped right in front of our Canteen this morning and we doled out the hot stuff in great shape, although we were not prepared for them and may be delayed for a few hours in our work in consequence. It almost seemed as if they halted purposely at our front door, as I hope they did; but if they had given us a little warning, we should have been better able to give good service.

They say about here this evening that the French are going to attack to-morrow morning.

October 22

Cloudy and showery this morning, the first time for a good many days. Cleared up at noon, and the rest of the day was fine.

No letters from home yet! I am beginning to get angry with the mail system.

Poor "Juicy" had to go to bed before dinner with a bilious headache.

Am learning chess, taught by my friend the priest, and play with him when we are both free.

Rather think from what I hear that the lines were satisfactorily straightened out to-day, but I believe no general attack.

Some German aviators about to-night, but nothing much doing up to now.

October 23

Mean, cold, rainy day. If they have any idea of making an attack to-day, they are up against terribly hard luck, with all the mud there is.

"Juicy" was feeling very poorly this morning, but came to quite quickly when two officers of a marine regiment came to us to announce that a lot of their troops would pass by and be halted in front of our Canteen for hot drinks. We immediately got busy and prepared the stuff.

The attack seems to be arranged for to-mor-

row, and the streets are now filled with troops and guns on their way.

We find that our water supply (which is absolutely necessary in the making of our drinks) in this house came from a cistern and not a well, and it gave out to-day, but we have made arrangements to have it refilled at once, and we ought to be able to keep on with our work without any delay.

The proprietress of this house came again to-day, and wanted a room to sleep in, as she could do her cooking outside. So we have arranged for her to use a room which we did not really need, and I am glad of it, she seemed so pleased. We rent the house, so probably need not have let her in, but it is all to the good, I think.

The weather seems to have cleared for the time being, but the rain that fell will make it very nasty for the troops.

October 24

After showers during the night, the day opened clear and cold.

This morning there was a real mob in, and in front of, our Canteen, all eager for a cup of

hot chocolate, and we gave out a great many cups.

I have just had my hair cut by a French soldier, whose civilian trade is that of a hair-dresser, and so far as I know he made a perfectly good job of it.

As usual the advance news of an attack is generally wrong, and apparently the attack was not planned for to-day, as we had thought, and it may not be for a day or two yet.

To-day we were up against a shortage of coal, so necessary to make our hot drinks. We should have received it yesterday, but the officer in charge has been temporarily changed and everything in that line has gone wrong, but I think we shall make out somehow. We shall receive our coal to-morrow evening, but will have to look around for enough for the day, and the demand for hot drinks will be considerable to-morrow.

To-day we made our record — fifteen hundred and sixty drinks — and we are naturally anxious to continue the good work.

To-night it is raining hard again.

October 25

After a very stormy and windy night the day starts in fine overhead—but such mud! The wind fortunately has continued strong and the mud is drying very fast.

Our coal should have arrived this evening, in the same motor with the mail, but for the first time since I have been here the mail has not arrived, and it may be that we shall not receive our coal to-night, much as we need it.

I have now been so long without any news from home that the coal question seems very unimportant as compared to the non-arrival of the mail.

The coal has just arrived, but no letters from home.

Very clear moonlight night, and, consequently, a great many German aviators out. Firing on them from all sides.

October 26

After that beautiful moonlight night, to-day starts in rainy.

"Juicy" went to see a friend in a neighboring town to arrange about taking his leave for

eight or ten days, beginning next week. It will be a good time for him to be away, if things go as they are going at present.

They are attacking on the line to-day, and I saw quite a lot of German prisoners being marched to their internment camp, which is not far from here. They were mostly very young and small, and seemed well satisfied to have been captured.

Weather cleared up beautifully at night, when it was too late for the miserable men fighting in the trenches.

October 27

Day starts in bright and sunny. The big cannon are certainly roaring this morning — louder, it seems to me, than I have yet heard them. Nobody could sleep very late even if he wanted to.

I went with my friend the priest and "Juicy" to visit a hospital very near here, where wounded are sent in from the trenches for examination and then sent further off from the line. The head officer of the hospital was very polite and took me everywhere and explained everything.

There was one ward for wounded German

prisoners, and among these was a boy not yet nineteen years old. They are treated wonderfully kindly.

Another prisoner was a little fat man, all dressed up cleanly with a French cap, and fairly grinning for glee as they were just being served with their luncheon. He was really laughable.

We practically have run out of chocolate, which is the favorite beverage at our Canteen, and we had asked a man[1] (who has charge of the stuff of which our drinks are made and who lives at a place about one hour away from here) to bring us a case this morning. This he failed to do and I must go over to have a fight with him after lunch. We got a free ride in a motor truck part of the way over, on our trip for the chocolate, and when I finally saw our man, I was just in condition to give him "Hail Columbia" — and I did.

This same man has supervision over a Ford truck, which very inefficiently tries to serve two or three different Canteens — including our own.

My verbal attack on him was successful, and I also found out two things:

[1] *Bonnier, who will be mentioned again.*

First: that he could have delivered the chocolate if he had been earnest in his work; and,

Second: that he was taking out officers who had no rights in the motor, on joy rides.

On the whole, he was very much embarrassed and tried to persuade me to look upon him as a real person, which I failed to do.

After a long wait of four hours we got the chocolate back to the Canteen.

October 28

Day starts in clear and very cold, with hoar frost on the ground. Rather chilly dressing in my room, but perfectly all right.

Our Canteen has been very busy to-day serving soldiers just out of the trenches. One company just opposite, being served with tea, and seeing the crossed American and French flags on our sign, shouted, "Vive l'Amérique!"

A poor, miserable, mud-covered soldier, noticing the U. S. on my shoulder-straps, to my great surprise asked me whether I came from Boston. When I answered him that I did, he said that he also came from Boston, having married a girl there. He had been in the trenches

(sometimes up to his shoulders in mud) for five days. He told me that he used to work as stoker on the "Bunker Hill," running between Boston and New York. He said that he wrote to his wife each week, and I told him to come in whenever he passed, and that I hoped we should soon have writing material at the Canteen for him to use. We are still waiting for such commodities from Paris.

October 29

Slightly cloudy, but tending to clear. "Juicy" and I took turns in sitting up all last night, keeping the Canteen open, as we were told beforehand that there would be quite a lot of troops passing on their way back from the trenches. We did a good business and served out a lot of hot tea, where it was a godsend to the poor men.

I am off for Dunkirk this morning to do some shopping, among other things, to get a small stove to warm ourselves at as the weather gets colder.

Found Dunkirk considerably injured by the frequent air-raids — quite a good deal more than when I was last there. The town is bombed by

airplanes every night when the weather permits. Did all I had to do there and arrived back here at five p.m.

We are going to open up our new sitting-room in the attic with our stove to-morrow.

October 30

Day starts in very windy and cold, but not raining. We expect Mr. Pomeroy (second in command of the "Canteens at the Front" Department in the Red Cross office in Paris) to come to spend to-night or to-morrow night with us.

A military funeral of six French officers passed our Canteen this morning—with all six of their horses led behind. I have often, at home, seen the funeral of one officer with his horse led behind, but six at a time was an unusual sight.

My friend the priest told me that he heard two soldiers making arrangements for meeting, and one said to the other: "Oh, we will meet *au boissons chauds*." Two others arranged to meet *chez les Américains*. Rather good! We are certainly becoming well known!

This afternoon we fitted up our sitting-room in the attic with the new stove and a steamer chair minus one leg, which we quickly restored, and the whole room now is installed and looks to me a little like the cabin of a sailing vessel, and really pleases me a whole lot.

Mr. Pomeroy and his chauffeur (a young college graduate who was in the ambulance service) arrived just before dinner and are sleeping in our new sitting-room.

October 31

Beautiful day and rather warmer. This morning I have been taking care of Mr. Pomeroy and introducing him to some officers that he wanted to meet. We have been asked to open a branch in the shape of an Afternoon Club for officers passing through this village, and we have got a room almost opposite our Canteen for the purpose. We are trying to open it this afternoon, but it won't be too attractive at first.

"Juicy" is going off to-morrow on his vacation of eight or ten days, and he is all excitement.

This afternoon there was a ceremony of giv-

ing out decorations by General Nollet, in command of this entire corps. After the ceremony the General came over to where "Juicy" and I were standing in the crowd and very politely thanked the Americans for what they were doing, not only in their Canteen work and all their kindness to the soldiers in this district, but also for their joining forces with the Allies on the fighting line. Rather fine, I thought!

After that ceremony we went to our new Club for Officers and received the Colonel of the regiment now passing through our town, and he asked us to dinner for to-night. We had a very pleasant dinner with the Colonel, who was very attractive, as were his fellow-officers at table.

They drank to the health of America!

November 1

The month starts in gray and cold and cloudy, just as I like it at home in the autumn. "Juicy" left on his vacation at five o'clock this morning with Mr. Pomeroy, but not without coming into my room to shake hands and express his friendship, as a Frenchman does so well. I shall

miss him a good deal, but he will be back in nine days, I hope.

I have to arrange for several details at our Officers' Club Room, and shall have to show up there alone this afternoon, which I do not relish much, although there will be very few there, I am sure. Went to see the Major of this Cantonment, or district, about a few things to make the club room more comfortable, and he is attending to this matter now.

There were lots of officers at the "Club" this afternoon, and it was really a success. I was asked to lunch with some officers to-morrow and I shall have to go, although I really much prefer my own little crowd at meals.

November 2

Day opens cloudy and warm.

This morning I have been very busy making ready (to surprise "Juicy" when he returns) a room in our house where the soldiers may warm themselves, write letters, and read some illustrated papers which I have ordered sent regularly from Paris.

"Juicy."

It has been some job, as it is not easy to find stoves, benches, tables, etc., in this town. However, I have all the most important matters arranged for and I shall open it up right away.

It takes the place, for the soldiers, of our newly established Officers' Club.

I have also written to Paris for games of checkers and chess for the Club.

I had a very pleasant luncheon party with the French officers, and as usual they were more than polite and appreciative.

I went around to the Officers' Club this afternoon for a while, and found quite a lot of men there.

November 3

Day starts in cloudy and quite warm and moist, but with every sign of clearing.

Expect to open the reading-room for the soldiers this afternoon, but as yet with nothing to read. I walked over to a neighboring town to try to buy some illustrated papers, but there were none. I expect some to-morrow. They will have writing-paper and ink for this afternoon.

Went first to the Officers' Club, where I

played a little Bridge, and then came back to see how the *poilus* were getting along in their new reading-room. I found it almost wholly occupied, and just looked in and gave them cigarettes all round.

I was quite pleased at the good beginning.

November 4

Good weather again after yesterday's dull, foggy weather.

Last night was one of the noisiest nights from the big guns that there has been for a long while, owing, very likely, to the fog, which always seems to increase the racket. It woke me up several times from a very sound sleep. A thunderstorm frequently, at home, fails to do that!

Find that the water in the cistern has again almost given out, so have arranged for eight soldiers to come to-morrow morning at seven o'clock to fill it up. This cistern is rather a nuisance, as it lasts but a short while. However, we are lucky to have even that.

The Officers' Club continues to be very popular, and our reading-room downstairs is really

a great success. I hope "Juicy" will be pleased with it when he returns.

The two men who work at the Canteen may be called off to go to the trenches, and that would be a catastrophe. I shall see what can be done to keep them with me, as they are stretcher-bearers at the front and may be spared.

November 5

Day opens rather cloudy and hazy, but it looks like clearing. Thank goodness, the men have been sent to fill the cistern, otherwise we should have had to quit work until the water supply was replenished. I hope everything will go well until "Juicy's" return. The priest now calls him "Juicy" without any sign of a smile.

We were just getting nicely to work filling our cistern, when the soldiers that were doing the work said something to the woman who owns the well which made her very angry and she took the handle off her pump. I went to see her, with a Belgian policeman, and she said that to-morrow we could fill our cistern, so, as we already have enough for to-day, I decided

to wait. I think we have a right to tap her well all we want to, but I want to make as little trouble as possible.

I could go to see the "Major of the Cantonment," whom I know, and he would force her to allow us to go ahead, but I think it is not worth while. I will get some more men to work for us to-morrow.

At lunch to-day, besides my friend the priest, there were two other priests, also very pleasant men. It made at table: three priests, my young doctor friend, and myself. This afternoon I succeeded in having eight men again promised to me for to-morrow morning early, to fill our cistern.

November 6

Slightly cloudy, very calm, and not cold. My eight men arrived very promptly at seven o'clock, and did their work very quickly, with the result that we now have a full cistern again.

The day has settled down for rain, I am afraid.

One regiment that has been here quite a while, and which was commanded by very pleasant officers, left our town to-day and was replaced

by another which is very inferior both as to officers and men. Two of the men got into a fight just in front of our Canteen this afternoon, and the whole outfit has been noisy all the evening.

The officers seem to know already about the Officers' Club, and there were several there this afternoon. Our Soldiers' Reading-Room downstairs was also quite full of men, so our work seems to be popular.

November 7

Day starts partly cloudy and cool, but not unpleasant. The changing of regiments here has made quite a perceptible difference in our distribution of the hot stuff. Rather a light day yesterday, but better to-day, as they get to know where the Canteen is located. Day has turned out badly, with rain and hail and the accompanying mud.

The Officers' Club was well patronized this afternoon, but the newly arrived officers are not up to the standard of those just gone. The Soldiers' Room is, as usual, full.

My young doctor friend, who takes meals with us, has been away all day, so my friend

the priest and I have lunched and dined alone together. He certainly is a very pleasant and interesting man.

November 8

Partly cloudy and fairly cold. My young doctor friend, who passed the night visiting a hospital in a neighboring town, came to call upon me very early this morning, even before I had finished dressing, bringing with him another older doctor, whom I had not met before. They were very polite, and the stranger seemed much interested in the Canteen and thought we were really doing very useful work.

Had a long and very pleasant visit this afternoon from young Tyng (the American Canteen manager in the section next to us to the south), who said that he wanted to talk a little English for a change. This was also most agreeable to me.

November 9

To-day the weather is fine to start in with. I have asked my friend the priest, who is a very level-headed fellow, to find out some really good

objects for charity, as I feel that right here on the spot there are many poor, wretched families who would be grateful for help. The priest will give the money for me and merely say that it came from an American. I am in hopes that he will be able to decide on some worthy cases by November twelfth, my fiftieth birthday, as I should like to part with a little gold in a good cause on that day.

Enough showers during the day to keep the mud in good, thick condition. Cleared during the afternoon, and during the evening the German planes were about again.

At about nine o'clock, while my friend the priest, Dr. Vitou, and I were playing Bridge, there was a very loud crash from a bomb dropped from one of the planes, which apparently fell very near to us. The doctor's telephone almost immediately afterwards began to ring, and he was asked to come to attend to some wounded that had just been hit by the bomb. He went there with the priest, and found one man dying and two men very badly wounded. The small shanty that they were living in had been partly shot away.

As I walked home from our *popote* there was quite a fight—in the distance—between some planes, which made a very pretty sight for me, but not so pleasant for them.

November 10

Weather cloudy and showery, and for some reason our stove will not draw. Result rather cold.

Have not heard a word from "Juicy" for the past ten days, but rather expect him back in a day or two now. His leave should be just about up.

"Juicy" unexpectedly returned this evening, bringing me as a present a little gold chain with my name attached. The French army are all numbered in that way, their chains not being of gold, however.

November 11

Starts in rainy, but not cold.

Rumor has it that the particular French Army Corps with which our Canteen is connected will not long remain just in this place, and, if the Corps moves, we move with it. We, of course,

Crater made by Bomb dropped from German plane at Oostvleteren

would take all of our Canteen belongings with us to the new place and would have to set up shop all over again; but, as I understand it, among the same officers and soldiers that we have had here. In other words, the whole assemblage would move *en masse*. I hope we may even have the same two men to work for us at the Canteen when moved.

Tremendous noise on the front last night again, which is still going on at intervals, but not incessantly as it was during the night.

November 12

Day starts fine, clear, and cold on my fiftieth birthday. I got up early to start for Dunkirk at seven-thirty. I have a list of twenty families and individuals to give my birthday presents to, and the list will be increased.

Had a long but successful trip into Dunkirk. Drew out my money and sent a cable to my twin brother Phil. Back at the old stand at six-thirty p.m. Such trips take a long time in this part of the country.

Our town is now almost emptied of French

and filled with Belgians, so the Canteen work is practically at a standstill, and we are beginning to pack up for our move.

I shall take my flask of brandy to our dining club to-night and drink to the health of Phil with my kind friends.

I told my friend the priest that I was half a century old to-day, and he said that I was just at my top notch in this world. I hope I can hold that notch for a year or two.

We regular four dined together as usual, and I proposed the health of Phil, which they drank with a few kind remarks, and then they drank to me. So ended my half century mark.

I hope that I shall have made a good many poor French families happy.

November 13

Fine day, cool but not cold. Last night or rather this morning for an hour, just before day-break, there was more continual cannonading than I have yet heard. It sounded just like a whole bunch of cannon crackers set off at one time, and kept up, as I say, for a whole hour.

Trade very slack to-day with hardly any French soldiers in sight. We shall probably move away to some other town toward the end of this week, and we may hear now about this any day.

I have received no letters from home since one dated October 7. I am sure you are all writing, but the mails are certainly miserable.

Lots of cannonading continues all day on the front. Very thick fog close to the ground as we walked home from dinner, but stars plainly visible.

November 14

Some fog left, but it looks as if it would all burn off soon.

Perfectly quiet now on the front.

The order has come out that all the Division is to be ready to leave here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, but we personally have as yet received no definite orders. However, we shall pack up the Canteen and our own belongings at once, to be ready.

We now have definite orders to leave, and we go in a bunch to a neighboring city, where we

pass the night. The next day we probably leave there for Zuydschoote, and near there we shall eventually establish our Canteen. At any rate, the change will take us out of this incessant mud, but we may not have even as good living quarters.

November 15

Beautiful day for our start. Up and dressing by yellow candle-light.

We all started off in the middle of the morning and arrived at our destination for the night in time to take lunch.

Our dining club are all sleeping to-night in a ward in a nearby hospital, and we start off again on the second stage of our journey to-morrow morning at seven. To-morrow, in time for lunch, we should arrive at the second stage of our journey, and we may remain there for several days. The whole matter is arranged by the Army Corps.

As per schedule, we lunched with a large dining club and dined at the same place. I found myself the only English-speaking person at the meal where we sat down thirteen at table.

After dinner, by request, I played (on a piano that sounded more like a very badly tuned harp than anything else) the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise."

November 16

After spending the night in a nice, clean hospital ward, we woke up early to find another fine day for our travels.

I am the only American in the whole outfit, but by now I know a great many of the officers of this Corps, so I really get along all right.

We arrived at Zuydschoote about noon and had a picnic lunch.

I was very lucky in the living quarters that I was given. I am in a perfectly good room with "Juicy" and my young doctor friend, Vitou, whereas I might have been stuck in with people that I did not know. Luckily there is no mud in this part of the country, which is a great relief after our other place.

I am afraid that we may have to loaf about here for a week or so before we are told just where to set up our Canteen; however, there is nothing to do about it, but simply wait.

We dined twelve at table last night, which seems a large crowd as compared with our past dining club of four.

A whole bunch of letters to-day!

November 17

Foggy, but not rainy, and rather raw.

I was not finished dressing when I was sent for to act as interpreter between some of the French and English officers in the matter of taking over a place where the English officers (who are leaving) had been taking their meals.

The arrangement for housing and feeding our French section of more than one thousand men was not well made before our arrival, and the result is considerable confusion.

No Canteen work until we are instructed where to establish ourselves, so nothing to do but pass the time meanwhile.

Took a long walk on the beach (thank goodness we are on the North Sea for the moment) and really enjoyed seeing the good old ocean again. The walking is so clean in the sand after all the mud we have had.

November 18

Cloudy and cold, but not raining. Every one has now got established except the men—that is, the soldiers.

I imagine that they are very poorly quartered, and certainly better preparations should have been made for them. It would not surprise me at all if the whole outfit were obliged to move, at a moment's notice, on that account.

At lunch something was said which brought up the subject of America, and I was asked very many questions about our country. In my bad French I talked to all the officers about the U. S. A., very vehemently and at some length. I was much pleased when, after lunch, the officers thanked me for the encouragement that I had been able to give them.

Again took a long walk on the beach, as there was no work for me to do.

November 19

Cloudy again, but without rain, and not cold.

Nothing to do but pass the time, so took a long walk before lunch. It now looks as if we

should have no change or chance for work for at least several days. I am very sorry, as I want to get the old Canteen well reëstablished before my "leave," which comes in four weeks. However, I am perfectly helpless, but am writing to our Red Cross in Paris reporting the condition of affairs. I find that I am the second oldest at our dining club, which has again assumed the size of thirteen. My daily bulletins will be very uninteresting these days, I fear.

November 20

Good day, although slightly cloudy.

For lack of anything to do, went into Dunkirk, which is much easier from here than from Oostvleteren, although not much nearer.

Left my watch to be fixed, as it has stopped working, bought two pipes — one each for "Juicy" and the young Doctor Vitou — bought a new pocket electric lamp, and back here in time for dinner.

November 21

Rained hard during the night; threatening but not raining this morning.

Nothing much to do to-day and absolutely nothing of interest as yet to write about. Took a walk on the beach before lunch, with "Juicy," who tried to give me an exhibition one-hundred-yard dash. It was against the slight wind, but it took him sixteen seconds. He says he has a record of twelve and a half seconds, which is not so bad.

Nothing doing in the afternoon; rumor at dinner time that we may all be moved, bag and baggage, to a less clean town, not twenty minutes' walk from here. Such rumors do not necessarily mean anything, and already many have started which did not materialize.

My main interest is as to when we shall be settled anywhere, so that we can again establish our Canteen. There is absolutely nothing that I can do except await developments.

November 22

Gray day, with no wind or rain. As yet nothing further as to our possible change of quarters.

Took a good walk on the beach before lunch-

eon and received at luncheon a letter from home, dated October fourteenth. It took well over five weeks to reach me.

Hearing nothing from the Frenchman, Mr. Bonnier (with whom I had the struggle to get our chocolate several weeks ago), about our prospects of reëstablishing our Canteen, I telephoned him this p.m., and expect to have a meeting with the French Medical General, who controls us, on Sunday, the twenty-fifth.

Hard work, this enforced idleness, and I do not like it at all.

November 23

Dull and gray, but not raining. Seems now that the general quarters will remain here, at least for the present. That, however, does not concern us as soon as we get a place for our Canteen, as then we quit this particular spot anyway, but I am glad that we can probably stay put here until that time.

The pipes that I gave my two young friends have not thus far been a great success. "Juicy" last evening was rendered sick with his, and my young Doctor Vitou has not yet dared to at-

tack his. He says that he means to to-day, but I doubt it.

Took a long walk on the beach before lunch, and an airplane came down from very high to within a few yards of the hard beach, and then, when really I could have made the aviator hear me if I called loud (except for the noise of his propellers), he began looping the loop and doing other risky fancies, which high up in the air would have been all right, but very dangerous down as low as he was.

Received at lunch time letters from Phyllis and Whillie, which were as usual most welcome. They had taken about five weeks to reach me.

To-night was the first moonlight night we have had since we have been here at Zuydschoote, and the airplanes were out for Dunkirk as usual. One of them, passing over here on its beastly job, was clearly found by one of the many searchlights and looked just like a little silver plane in the midst of the glare. Immediately the anti-aircraft guns, in every direction, let out at the plane, but, unfortunately, he managed to get out of the light in time to save himself.

November 24

Beautiful, clear, windy day. Not very cold.

Must go into Dunkirk to get my watch, which is being repaired, and also have my hair cut, while we are still idle.

Did my commissions in Dunkirk and walked half the way back on the beach, with a tremendously high wind at my back, which drove the surface sand like spray under my feet and ahead of me.

Looked in at a "Movie" show at the hospital when I arrived back, and in coming out after the entertainment, felt a slight pat on my shoulder, and was asked by one of the wounded soldiers if our Canteen was still going at the old stand at Oostvleteren. He remembered it, but naturally I did not remember him. However, I was pleased.

November 25

Still a hurricane blowing, so hard that it is difficult to walk against it, and the sand flies about in clouds. Automobile goggles are very useful.

Went to see our Medical General with

"Juicy" this afternoon, and he is to telephone us in a day or so about our work and where it will be established.

Just received a birthday cable, which was sent to the man Bonnier (the one that I have mentioned before as no good), and he had never delivered it to me until he saw me at the General's office this afternoon! I was very glad to get it just the same! Bonnier says he is getting out of his present position (which is supposed to be one of helping us), and I think the sooner he gets out, the better for all concerned.

Still very windy and we had an uncomfortable half hour's walk to see the General, I can tell you!

November 26

Wind much less violent, still blowing hard, however, and the coldest day we have had yet.

Wind almost gone and I took a long walk on the beach this afternoon. I certainly shall appreciate getting to work again.

I broke off half of one of my back teeth last night eating hard chocolate, just before turning in. It cramps my style a little bit at meals to-day,

but it will be all right in a day or two. Rather far from Dr. Briggs out here!

First snow falling to-night as we returned from dinner.

November 27

Day starts in much warmer, but raining.

After lunch to-day two of the *poilus* connected with the Corps gave a little concert at our *popote* and one of them recited two French pieces. It was very nicely done and I enjoyed it very much. Quite a change after some of the attempts at music that are made by members of our "mess."

We have just heard that "Juicy" and I are to report to-morrow to a medical officer in regard to the reëstablishment of our Canteen, so we may be doing something again soon, thank goodness!

Took a long walk on the beach this afternoon, as there is absolutely nothing else to do here.

November 28

Day opens dull, but calm and not cold. Up early in order to see the officer about starting our Canteen again. Foot-work again, it seems, but this time I do not anticipate any long delay. We got free rides in several automobiles on our way to see our medical officer, and, during one wait, the King of the Belgians passed by, and we exchanged salutes. He is a very nice looking young man and rode his horse very well.

We spent all day looking for possible places for our Canteen, as suggested by the medical officer, and finally arrived home in time for dinner. We shall have to start out again early to-morrow morning, as we have to report to him on our possible location.

We had a muddy day of it, but made some progress, I think. We shall know better after our second interview to-morrow morning.

November 29

Fine day at this early observation, as we are off rather on time to-day to see our medical officer.

To-day is Thanksgiving Day at home.

Walking many miles all the morning and not back for lunch until three o'clock. Looked over all the suggested locations and still think one we saw yesterday is the best. Very hard work to get started again, but hope that all will turn out satisfactorily.

On our way back from our search, saw a German airplane being fired upon from the ground. It was very high up and apparently was not damaged, although some of the shots came pretty close to it.

November 30

Not cold, and slightly cloudy, with no rain.

Walked to the next town to see the General who has the last say as to our new installation of the Canteen, but found him not in his office. We are to pay him another visit this afternoon, and I think everything should go all right. I hope so, at any rate, as getting started all over again — after the trouble we had the first time — is rather an undertaking, under the circumstances.

The automobile, which we with several others are supposed to have at our disposal, has been

out of commission for nearly three weeks, because of some easily remedied trouble. It is in the hands of the man Bonnier. We should have had it for our work during the past few days.

We saw our General this afternoon, and it seems now as if almost all the "red tape" had been cut, but it will still take a few days to get started. We have decided on a small summer resort, Coxyde Bains, as the place in which to reëstablish our Canteen. It is four miles from the German first-line trenches.

December 1

Cold and wintry. Nothing possible to do for our work to-day, as we must have some means of transporting our Canteen affairs, also our own, to the proposed new place. This should be arranged for us within a few days. If the automobile were in commission, it would be easier; as it is, we must wait.

As I feared, the day has now turned out badly, with cold rain. I thought it might snow.

"Juicy" went into Dunkirk to-day to do some shopping, and finds it may not take long to

get tires for the automobile,which Bonnier might have found out if he had wanted to and saved us a lot of trouble. However, the automobile, not being for us alone, may not be available when we need it most, so we shall have to rely on an army motor when we can get one to transport our Canteen outfit. We have, therefore, decided to visit the Medical General again to-morrow.

High wind to-night.

December 2

Hurricane blowing again, and very cold but clear. Very much like last Sunday, when we had to visit the General, and our walk this afternoon to make the same visit is nothing to look forward to. We found the General in his office, and everything is now arranged and we hope to sleep in the new Canteen Tuesday night (day after to-morrow). The necessary conveyance for all our stuff has been provided. On our way back from the General's, whom should we meet but the Franco-American team who had the Canteen all the autumn in the section to the south of us. They are here to look for a location for their Canteen, which was also moved, but I think it very

doubtful whether they can find any place. In my opinion there is not a possibility of two Canteens hereabouts, but they will have to find out for themselves. They had an army motor and brought all our Canteen stuff with them, which we had been obliged to leave behind for lack of conveyance. Very convenient for us just at this time.

December 3

Heavy wind still, but clear. Up early to go to Dunkirk. Did several commissions in Dunkirk and tried to find some supplies, which have been sent to us by the American Red Cross in Paris, but as far as I can make out they have not yet arrived. I was fairly busy in that city until late afternoon, and took the train back in time for dinner. "Juicy" came back late from a visit to Dunkirk, and says that we may be obliged to put off our move for a day on account of the non-arrival of some expected supplies. My friend the priest, in view of our move (I hope he may join us later), presented me with a book and a signed photograph of himself. I was really very much pleased.

December 4

Fine cold day, but the wind, thank goodness, has left us in peace. The lining of my overcoat became unsewed at a small spot at the lower part and I have just tried to stitch it myself, but with absolutely no success. The needle broke at the very start off, so I have fixed it up temporarily with a safety pin. Women are needed here. I can have it neatly fixed when I go on my "leave" to Paris. Took a long walk (eight to nine miles) this afternoon, and now all our arrangements are made to move to-morrow early for our new establishment, which is about ten miles away.

December 5

Very cold, but clear and no wind. Splendid bright night for airplanes, which made a good deal of noise between here and Dunkirk. Only the second good night for them since we arrived here, three weeks ago, the other nights all being too windy or too dark. Up before daylight to finish packing for our move. Taken over in a private motor-car! to our new establishment at Coxyde Bains, while our goods and chattels were moved

The Deserted Hotel at Coxyde Bains

over in an army truck and arrived before lunch time. We think that we can establish ourselves very well here and each have a room to sleep in. There is a large room on the ground floor, where we can set up our reading and writing room for the soldiers. It seems to me at present as if we were better off for our own comfort than we have been at either of the other two homes, and certainly we can set up the Canteen equally well. In a day or so we shall be distributing our wares again, and I hope that, when the place becomes known, we may swing into the old trade once more. The floors in the attic are a little soft and "Juicy" promptly put his foot through one, but this construction does not run through the entire house. There was only one pane of glass missing in my sleeping-room and I have already fixed that. Our "mess" is absolutely strange to us at present, but the cooking is fine. There are two chaplains and two officers with us there now, but four other officers are now off on "leave" and will return soon. We shall eventually have the same two men to help us in our Canteen that we had before, we hope. One of them is expected to-night. On the whole we

are very well off, I consider, and now only trust we are in a place to do good work.

December 6

Very cold with ice frozen in the streets. "Juicy" had to sleep in a "vacant" house next door, where he found a bedstead in which he could make up his sleeping-bag. He has not a good compact folding-bed like mine. It was some cold dressing this morning, as there is as yet not a stick of fire burning in the whole house. One of our faithful men, who was with us at the old Canteen, is with us now and the other is at present on "leave," but will join us when he gets back.

We have turned one of the bedrooms in our house into a "bureau," and are now having our little old stove set up in it. It will serve as a dressing-room as well, where one will be able to shave, etc. Our "mess" food is really wonderful considering that the cook has not a great chance to make a selection. It beats the others, in that respect, all to pieces. This afternoon we went to the nearest town (La Panne) and bought some dark cloth to put across the windows at

night to keep the lights inside from showing. The French authorities require that near the front. We walked back over the beach, which is a continuation of the beach which we had during our enforced wait at Zuydschoote. Both Coxyde Bains and Zuydschoote are summer watering resorts. By night-time we had a large stove installed in the room that is to be used as a reading-room by the soldiers downstairs and a little one in the "bureau," and our cooking place in the basement (where the chocolate, tea, etc., are prepared) was well under way. "Juicy" found some nice linen bags to put inside the blankets of one's sleeping-bag, and last night, for the first time since I have been out at this Canteen work, I slept with something between me and my woolen blankets. Pretty comfortable, I think.

December 7

Dull and cloudy to-day with a little rain, but much warmer. Loud firing out at sea, which I think is gun practice. The little stove in the "bureau" smokes like fury at present, but it can probably be fixed. The " bureau " makes a good

room to shave in during the winter months. If we don't look out, we shall be mighty comfortable here. We have to go into Dunkirk to try and get the little motor which is meant for our use, but which has been practically seized by that man Bonnier. We hear that he is passing a few days in Paris, and is due back at Dunkirk to-morrow morning at 9.30, and has ordered the car to meet him at the station there. We shall try to be there at the same time and see what can be done to get the motor for ourselves (it was originally meant for the joint use of three or four, but we think all the others except ourselves have left these parts). The man Bonnier is not to be trusted, as I have said before. We feared that we might have to take chance "lifts" to get into Dunkirk, but luckily we have found a friend with a car who promises a ride from here right into the city, which will save lots of time. While we were at dinner we were informed by telephone that our friend's car has broken down, which means getting up very early and catching a special train for *permissionnaires* (those about to have "leave"), which should make a close connection at a neighbor-

ing town with the regular train for Dunkirk. All this to meet Bonnier in order to get *our* automobile as soon as possible.

December 8

Up long before daylight; even breakfast at our mess before it is light. Luckily it is a good day, not cold and no wind. Have a three-mile walk on the road, railroad track, and ploughed fields, where we certainly find some mud and just catch the *permissionnaires'* train as it is starting. This train misses our connection with the regular Dunkirk train by ten minutes, so we looked for a "lift" in any passing car. We soon found one and arrived at Dunkirk just after Bonnier's train from Paris should arrive. But here our good luck began. Our automobile, with Bonnier in it, passed us on his way from the station and we stopped him. He said that he was very busy with the car all day, but that we might have it all day Monday (day after to-morrow). That seemed to be all there was to it, so we went to see, at the station, what there was for us to take to our Canteen (sent from

Paris). Quite a lot we found and then did some necessary shopping. Unluckily for Bonnier, he turned up with two friends at the same hotel that we did for lunch, which showed us that his "busy" day was another fake. After lunch I, for the second time in the past three months, was obliged to lose my temper (it was with him before), and the result was that we came back in our automobile to our Canteen and left him at Dunkirk, to be picked up when we were through with it. We find everything progressing well and our cooking oven for our hot water finished, so to-morrow we should be able to begin to serve hot drinks. It will take several days for the news to spread among the soldiers hereabouts that we are opened for business, so our distributions will be probably small in the beginning, as it was when we opened the first time.

December 9

Rainy, but not cold or windy. Gave out the first hot drinks this morning, and mean to open the Reading-Room for the soldiers this afternoon. Some slight block in the water pipe at the pump

downstairs, which does not interfere with the making of our drinks, but which ought to be fixed. One of the members of our "mess" who was away on "leave" has returned to-day, and we are therefore seven at meals. Another great big haul of letters! How welcome, but how I should like it if they could only come regularly in order, when they are due. Still it cannot be helped in these times. We have made a good start in our Reading-Room downstairs to-day, with fifteen or twenty soldiers using it. I did not expect so many at the start and it is therefore all the more encouraging.

December 10

Fine clear, cold day. "Juicy" has gone in the motor (which we have for to-day!) to Dunkirk to get a lot of stuff that is waiting for us at the station there, but, as the car is small, I thought my room was better than my company, and so I did not go with him. We shall have to make a second trip this afternoon, and I shall go with him then, as I want to see my friend the priest, who is at present living in that direction. We find that our cooking oven downstairs is leaking

a little this morning, and it will have to be fixed. Nothing very difficult, I think. There is some noise on the front both last night and this morning, but nothing much. A little excitement just now. An observation balloon was approached (right near this place) by a German plane. A great many shots were fired at the plane, which made away, and the balloon was ordered (by the telephone arrangement) to be hauled down, as they always try to do under those circumstances. All over now and the balloon is up again. The best of the two men that we had at our former Canteen arrived here from his "leave" at lunch time, and we accordingly allowed the other man (whom we had also had before) to go immediately on his "leave." We went into Dunkirk to bring back all that remained there consigned to the Canteen, and upon our return our best man told us that, although he had been with us but three hours, he had been ordered to another job. It was most unfortunate, as it left us with only one make-believe man. We opened the Reading-Room just the same, at the usual hour, although nothing was prepared. We hope our make-believe man can light the fire to make

our chocolate, etc., early in the morning, but we are so uncertain about it that we shall be on hand to help. Later to-morrow we are to be sent another man, and let 's hope he will be of some use. Perhaps in two weeks we may get our two old stand-bys back again. I hope so, as it makes a great difference in our usefulness, as it leaves us time to do something better than hired man's work.

December 11

Dull and cold, but not raining. Up very early to help our man downstairs to make the hot stuff for the early distribution, which was successfully accomplished, and as the day keeps cold, the hot drinks are very popular. At the same time, it is evident that we need two good men at least to help in this work, if we are to get the best results. It is not in the least difficult to make up the hot drinks, but it takes a lot of time, which we ourselves could use more profitably. Lots of customers for our drinks all day, but no man as yet to replace the good one they took from us yesterday. Took a walk on the beach this afternoon, but had to return fairly early to help get

ready for the *poilus* who come at five o'clock to read and write. In spite of all the hired man's work that we had to do ourselves to-day, we have had good success. There were almost fifty soldiers in the Reading-Room this afternoon, and they regaled themselves with a phonograph that the American Red Cross sent from Paris. It was a most successful afternoon. A second man has been sent to us this evening, so perhaps to-morrow we can have our time to look about for new work. Very heavy firing on the front to-night.

December 12

Clear and cold. Up very early to catch an English ambulance motor to visit the chief medical officer of a neighboring town (Nieuport Bains), with a view to sending our hot stuff from here right into the front line. This motor took us within eight hundred yards of the Germans, and there we found our officer in an underground receiving hospital. We made arrangements, which seemed to please him, to send our stuff to him for distribution each day. This in addition to what we do here at our Canteen. Most satisfactory

to us also, as it materially and very usefully increases our output each day. Now that we have things so well arranged, let us hope we are allowed to remain here and not make another move. This evening our Reading-Room (better called a Club Room now) was really entirely full, and I handed around sixty cigarettes and may have missed some men at that. I try to show myself each evening in this way, and I find it quite embarrassing, I don't know why, as the soldiers are always most polite. Before the men came this evening "Juicy" and I made a festoon of American and French flags on the wall. He bought them for me when he was on "leave" in Paris. "Juicy," at my suggestion, has taken a sleeping-room in another house, where he is much more comfortable. I did not like his sleeping-room in this house, and he is now with several of our messmates. They reserved a very nice room there for me, but my little room here is perfectly good and I can get away from the crowd when I want to; also one of us should, if possible, live in the Canteen to be handy in case the men want advice.

December 13

A little cloudy and foggy, but not cold. "Juicy" has been saying that, according to French etiquette, we should visit the General commanding the Military (medical) Division to which we are now attached. Accordingly, we started off this morning on foot for a town not very far off, where we understood the General had his headquarters. In an hour and a half, with the aid of "lifts" from passing automobiles, we arrived at his office, only to find that he had yesterday left there to establish himself in a new location, right in our town and not ten minutes' walk from our Canteen, so we made our way back to the old stand. This afternoon we visited his new office here, and found that he had to-day gone on "leave," but we saw the officer who is temporarily replacing him, and the formality passed off very pleasantly and politely. To-day we began sending our hot stuff up to the front line, as arranged for yesterday, and to-morrow we expect to go up with the stuff and have a look around for still another place to send to. As last night, we had over sixty men in the soldiers' Reading-Room.

December 14

Cloudy, but not cold. Asked one of our men to call me at six, as we were going up into the lines on our Canteen business. He called me at five o'clock. We went up to the lines with our hot stuff and were met, by arrangement, by the chief medical officer, who had agreed to pilot us. Right at the start off, we were about to cross an open space, when we found that the Germans were firing right across there, so we went into a long underground passage, which avoided that spot, and soon came out into the second trench, not five hundred yards from the Germans. The first trench naturally was in front of us, and what they call a reserve trench was back of us. Shells were whizzing overhead all the time, and we had to walk in the trench bending over so as to keep out of sight. This we kept up for perhaps a quarter of an hour and then came out of the trench back of a hill. In an underground shelter we here met one of the officers commanding the first lot of men among whom our hot stuff had been distributed, and he was very polite and grateful. Near there we met, in another underground room, an officer commanding a battalion

who also had received of our stuff. He too was most polite, and we sat with him half an hour, with very loud cannonading going on all the time. From there we left on foot for home, some walk of about eight miles, with directions from our medical officer guide (who left us here) as to avoiding certain places which were being shelled. All this was done in the course of our business, and I do not propose to take any useless chances just for the excitement. The soldiers hereabouts, I hear, take me for an American Colonel, and have spread the report among themselves that I am the first of an American force that is to take over this section. Rather amusing. There is a piano in the house where "Juicy" lives, which for some reason is not at all bad, and he asked me in to play to him this evening. He is very much taken with "Fair Harvard," and liked me to play it over several times.

December 15

Heavy gale, cold and clear. The motor truck which was promised us to call each day for our hot stuff, for the lines, failed to come to-day,

although its regular route takes it from here to the very place where we deliver our goods. Most annoying and entirely unnecessary error on the part of the truck, and must be looked into. This afternoon "Juicy" and I attended a theatrical entertainment given entirely by French *poilus* in a portable house or barrack in one of the camps at the edge of this town. It was very well done, as naturally, among all the soldiers, there are singers, violinists, etc. The orchestra was all right, the scenery well painted, the variety part good, and the one act play excellent. It was all a little bit sad to me, however, to think how near some of these men were to death and still trying to amuse themselves in such a nice way. The whole thing was only a very short way behind the lines. You could easily hear the guns during the entertainment. There was one *poilu* who took a woman's part, and he was really excellent. After the show we went to see to it that, whenever it was possible for the motor-car to get through, our hot drinks should be taken up to the lines, and not left behind as they were this morning.

December 16

Cloudy, but the wind has gone.

Our automobile should have come here yesterday, now to be for our own use, as that man Bonnier said he was quitting his job yesterday, but there are no signs of it here as yet.

I take the morning train from Dunkirk to-morrow for Paris, on my eight days' "leave," and if the motor is not here by lunch time, I shall beg my way into Dunkirk and spend the night there, as it would mean too much of a job if I started from here in the small hours to-morrow morning with my bag to delay me.

I have now finished three months of my service, and what with my "leave," and getting to Paris and back, there remain only a little over ten weeks more of this service.

It has been, I think, most useful work, and, except for our enforced delay in the beginning and then our enforced change in the middle of this first period, "Juicy" and I have done good, hard work.

The automobile did not arrive, so "Juicy" started off with me in a two-wheeled, horse-driven wagon for the first part of my journey.

We had trouble in getting a passing car into Dunkirk, so "Juicy" (who is excellent in begging rides) decided to come into Dunkirk with me, pass the night here, look after a shipment to our Canteen, which may be here, and return to-morrow to the Canteen. We finally just at dusk were lucky enough to get a lift and reached Dunkirk in time for dinner.

My train for Paris leaves to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

December 17

Clear and cold. So quiet in Dunkirk last night that you could have heard a bomb drop, but luckily none dropped, as there was too much wind all night for the German aviators.

A little Canteen business here in Dunkirk with "Juicy" before my train starts for Paris at ten a.m.

Met my good friend the priest at the station, who knew that I was going on that train (he, too, was going on "leave"), and found that he had kept a seat for me in his carriage. I was very glad to see him, and during the trip he submitted a further list of French unfortunates

which will just use up my birthday fund, making over one hundred families that I have really been able to help.

As we travelled toward Paris we found that fully two inches of snow had fallen, which made things look very much like Christmas. When I arrived at the Hotel Crillon I asked for an outside room, and they said that they only had a very small room left facing outside. When they showed it to me, it looked like a palace compared to what I have been used to during the past three months, and I took it at once.

How comfortable I shall be during the next eight days!

And now I have taken a really hot bath, the first in three months!

December 18

Snowy and very wintry. Went very early to the American Red Cross and got such a fine big package of letters! Saw a lot of my "pals" at that office who were more than cordial, and I am booked up for many meals already during my "leave" here.

I lunched with Frank Blake and then came

back to the Red Cross, where I met Guy Lowell and Doctor Collins, on their way to-night to Rome.

Find that I am expected to take another "leave" before I get through this service, which makes my second period of work look very easy. I can take it whenever "Juicy" and I find it mutually convenient, which I think will be about the first of February. That will split my second period of work in halves. "Juicy" is to have an extra "leave" immediately upon my return.

I understand that Charlie Curtis (Senior) and Richmond Fearing are both in Paris, and shall look them up.

Dined with Billy Patten, at his apartment, with Rufus Thomas and Gerry Chadwick.

December 19

Fine day, rather cool. Went up to the office where Richmond Fearing is working, but did not find him there. Shall try it again.

Find that Charlie Curtis lives in this hotel, on the same floor that I do and only a few doors

away. Called at his room, but he was also out.

Lunched with the Paris chiefs of my Canteen Department. After lunch walked up to the Invalides and looked at a rather uninteresting exhibition of war relics.

Just before dinner Richmond Fearing and his son called on me and they waited until George Rice turned up by arrangement, and we all dined together.

December 20

Cloudy and cold. Met Alfred Dabney in the street. He looks very well and expects soon to go to England and study to be in the ground department in an Aviation camp.

Lunched with George Rice and a Mr. Brown of New York. After lunch went to a very good "Movie."

It really seems still unnatural to be able to do whatever I want, but not unpleasant.

Late this afternoon I found Charlie Curtis in his room, at the same hotel that I am in, and arranged to dine together to-morrow night.

Dined with Phil Lydig and a friend of his, whose name I did not catch, and to bed early, as

my engagements here in Paris are very frequent, during my short stay.

December 21

Cloudy and cold. Went to the Olympia (variety show) in the afternoon, and found it a very poor show. Dined with Charles Curtis, and went to a fair show afterwards. Saw, at dinner, the Morton Henrys and Edgar Scott, who issued invitations to me, which I shall be able to accept, for dinner and lunch. Received the following letter in English from "Juicy" reporting all well at the Canteen:

Secteur Postal 129,
19–12–17

DEAR MR. SEARS:

Excuse the English of this letter, but it is a try, and I will not use any grammar or dictionary to help it.

When I came back the day of your departure, I found the camionette waiting us at home, so I took care of it, and now everything is all right, about essence, tyres and so. We keep it (the camionette) at Coxyde too.

Our job has not been interrupted by the change of regiments and our sending has continue (four per day). Am just coming back now, from the trenches, to see our new correspondant at Nieuport and Beacon.

Every one is very glad of this service, but asked me some cigarettes.

We have a wonderful work to do here but it is too long to explain in a letter. (It is an "Annexe" in Nieuport Bains.) What want to be seen but I thing the purpose easily realizable.

By the order of the Colonel of the troops now in lines the drinks will be take to the first line, every night at twelve or about, by two stretcher-bearers, the distribution will be made by this men, et they will take the Norvégiennes back immediately to the Chief Medical Officiers. I hope therefore be very quiet about the sort of our material. I could bring back here from Zuydcoot one box of Cocoa more.

We have plainty enough to wait my return, and I will look, passing Paris, at the sort of the three boxes, send several days ago, and about what, I d'nt get any news.

Our distribution are going still all right, and I will send at the end of the week a nice score to Mr. Fithian.

Please present him and Mr. Pomeroy my very kind regards, et believe me,

Very respectfully yours,

JAUD DE LA JOUSSELINIÈRE.

Excuse writing too, but my fingers are very cold.

December 22

Clear and cold. Did some necessary shopping this morning, and, among other things, I bought a Christmas present for "Juicy"—a scarf pin of little rubies in the shape of a red cross, which

I think he will like. This afternoon went to another good "Movie" show. I am becoming a regular city man again.

Dined at a "poker" dinner at Billy Patten's to-night. Had a very good time and won all the money. Present: George Rice, Richmond Fearing, Gerry Chadwick, Dan Sargent, Billy Patten, and two strangers.

December 23

Clear and cold. Very welcome letters received.

Lunched with Charles Curtis and went with him to a very poor play at the Théâtre Michel. Dined with Edgar Scott.

December 24

Overcast and cold. Boulevards very crowded with Christmas shoppers. Received a Christmas card from my friend the priest.

Dined with Billy Patten and Gerry Chadwick at their apartment. Also there Jim Perkins, Phil Carroll, and a man called Fosburg. A very pleasant party. Later we went to several churches, thinking that there might be Christmas Eve singing, but found none.

December 25

Rainy Christmas Day. Cleared off about eleven o'clock into a beautiful spring-like day. Lunched with the Morton Henrys.

The boulevards in the afternoon were very crowded with men, women, and children, and Allies in their various uniforms.

Dined with Walter Abbott, his wife and mother-in-law and a young lady, Edgar Scott, Billy Patten, Gerry Chadwick, Frank Blake, Tom Plummer, and his nephew. Quite a Christmas dinner with plum pudding and all. Snowing hard on way home.

December 26

Clearing off and not very cold. I leave to-night at seven-twenty for Dunkirk after a very pleasant "leave" in Paris. Said good-by to some of my friends at the American Red Cross; dined at five-thirty and took the evening train for Dunkirk. Very cold to-night and the compartment, in which I sat, was all filled up, so none of us slept very comfortably.

December 27

Very cold and snowing. Changed cars early at Calais and arrived at Dunkirk shortly after nine. Expected to find "Juicy" at the station in the little Ford car, which we have to ourselves now, but the conditions of the road had delayed him.

I had heard a French Captain in our railway carriage say that he lived in the next village to us and was expecting an automobile to meet him, so seeing that his car had not arrived for him either, I approached him and asked him to join me in ours when it came. We arranged that we should both use the car that first appeared, and as his came, we both started off in it. We passed "Juicy" in ours on his way to meet me, so I transferred and we arrived in time for lunch at our *popote*, where every one greeted me very politely.

It seems that our little automobile was in very bad shape when it came to us from that man Bonnier, and the front springs broke two days after "Juicy" got possession; so it will have to go out of commission at once to be repaired, and goodness knows how long it will be left with us.

New Year's Day is much observed by the

French, so "Juicy" has been given a second "leave" and left this afternoon for the home of his grandfather in Champagne, which will take him two days to reach, and this means that he probably will be gone until January tenth or eleventh.

On our way from Dunkirk we met out walking my young doctor friend Vitou, who now is living at Zuydschoote, and I asked him, and a French friend of his, who was with him, to lunch here with me on Saturday.

It seems funny to hear the guns again, after my stay in Paris. At the station this morning at Dunkirk a young *poilu* — whom I did not really recognize at first but pretended to — came up to me and asked me whether I had enjoyed my "leave," and then said he and I had talked about America two or three weeks ago inside a motor truck. I then remembered him and told him to look me up if he was passing the Canteen some day. He does not belong in our town.

The usual crowd downstairs this evening, and as the *poilu* who plays the phonograph to them was away, I had to officiate at the machine.

December 28

Very cold, but clear. All arrangements have been made to have the little Ford car repaired, and it goes away for that purpose to-day. I have offered the little French *poilu*, who is the chauffeur, a bonus of five francs if he can get it back in a week by personal supervision of the repairing. It probably will not be finished in a much longer time, but I knew that was my best chance.

We have only a two days' supply of coal on hand to boil our hot water for our hot stuff, and I must look into that question at once. Saw the proper officer (*Officier Gestionnaire*) about the coal and it is supplied now; also the hinges on the front door were broken off, making that door inefficient, and this also he has had repaired for me. He came and paid me a visit this afternoon, and I think is very ready to do his best.

It has begun again to blow hard, and my afternoon walk was accordingly half bad and half good, as I walked the first half of it against the wind.

Our distributions to-day have been wonderfully good and, of course, that is satisfactory to

me when "Juicy" is not with me. In the evening, the Corporal, who until lately had been working the phonograph for us, turned up again and was good enough to undertake the job.

Very cold evening, and the high wind has unfastened some of the cloth coverings to the broken window-panes in the entry, which lets in the cold air. Will try to have it arranged again as soon as possible.

I heard at dinner to-night that a Colonel was moving into the house where "Juicy" has his bedroom, so he will have to move back here.

December 29

Very cold, but clear and no wind left. Am expecting my young doctor friend Vitou and the French co-worker of Tyng's Canteen (they worked to the south of us all autumn and this Frenchman is awaiting orders near here) to lunch with me at our "mess" here to-day. My friends arrived just before lunch, and I enjoyed having them very much.

It now seems that all the members of the *popote* that I am with leave in a day or two, so

I shall have to make the acquaintance of a new gang, and with "Juicy" not here to introduce me — as he is sure to know some of the new men — slightly embarrassing, but it can't be helped.

December 30

Much warmer, no wind, and heavy fog off the sea. Quite noisy on the front late yesterday afternoon and during the night. Weather to-day not conducive to much fighting. Very large distribution of hot stuff and the room downstairs literally packed when I went down to distribute cigarettes this evening, so thick a crowd that I had to ask some one to pass them around in one corner. Phonograph going full tilt, operated by a new man, who I am afraid will not be here as a steady operator. During "Juicy's" absence many problems seem to come up for me to solve. In the first place the officers at each end of the front, where we are supplying hot drinks, are to be changed in three days, and I naturally do not know the new replacing officers. Then there is to be a new system of getting coal, which system has been written to me in complicated

technical French. However, I hope to find a way out of these troubles, but I wish just the same that I had "Juicy's" assistance.

December 31

Fair, cool day, with occasional sun. The chauffeur came back to-day and reports that the little automobile has been taken somewhere near Paris to be repaired, and now goodness knows whether we shall ever see it again. Too bad, just as we had got our hands on it at last. It seems that we are to have a special dinner to-night in honor of New Year's Eve, and I have just left a box of my best cigars at our *popote* to be used on the occasion. The usual crowd downstairs to-night, and, after I had passed the cigarettes around, I wished them all a Happy New Year, to which they all said, at one time, "Merci!" and one said, "We look to America." Heavy guns firing at the front late to-night. It seems so terrible to bring in the New Year in that way, but of course it must be. Our New Year's dinner was not much different from usual, but they seemed to enjoy my cigars, for which I was pleased.

1918

January 1

CLEAR and very cold. Just before lunch I was in our "bureau," when they began firing on a German airplane just overhead. The shells bursting way up in the air (powerful enough to rattle the windows of the "bureau") failed to get the aviator, I fear; he was so high in the air, and among clouds, that I could not even see him. It seems that they had their special New Year's meal at lunch time to-day, which was very nice, with plum pudding and a little champagne (nearly champagne) which is furnished throughout the French army to-day. I accordingly had the honor of drinking a toast to the French army, which was enthusiastically responded to by a toast to the American army. The new *popote* comes to-morrow, and their table perquisites were used by us this evening. One tin plate and tin mug for the entire meal, to which in itself I do not object, provided their food is not equally inferior to the very good food of our departing *popote*. However, I should not be surprised if there were a change back again in a few weeks.

January 2

Partly cloudy and warmer. Our new *popote* has lunch at 11.30 and dinner at 6.30, instead of at 12 and 7 p.m., as is usual. I like the dinner hour rather better in these short days. There are eight of us at the new *popote*, and of this number three are priests. (When I say priests I really mean army chaplains, usually Catholic, of course.) My *popote* is always made up of doctors and chaplains, as the medical department of the French army is the one I am connected with. The meal was not so well served as at the last *popote*, but the food was all right, which is the main thing. They were all very polite to me and made it as easy as possible for a stranger, still I wish "Juicy" did not by chance happen to be on "leave" during all these changes. One thing that might easily be improved in the service of this *popote* would be to have regular glasses to drink out of, rather than tin mugs, which does not seem to me a very clean or healthy method. To-night down in the soldiers' meeting room there are a new set of *poilus*, and before the phonograph concert one of them sang very well and, as an encore, gave a recitation. There was to-night the

largest crowd of men that we have yet had — nearly a case of "standing room only."

January 3

Light snow during the night, clearing in the morning and colder. No letters for the past ten days, but the cables which I received last week make waiting for the mail much easier. We had just finished lunch to-day and were having our coffee, when there was cause for considerable excitement. The Germans decided to bombard, from their lines, the little miserable piece of a village where we live. They fired every minute large shells, which kept falling anywhere from one hundred to two hundred yards away. A piece of one struck the steps of the house where we have our *popote*. Several shells fell in a large vacant hotel, used as a temporary hospital (not two hundred yards away), killing a few and wounding many. One *poilu* was in the street and a piece of a shell wounded him in the stomach, our men tell me. He came into our kitchen (rather boiling room) and although a good deal frightened, he talked all right, and then decided to

walk by himself to this hospital, of which I speak, to have his wound attended to. He was killed as he was going into the hospital. I should not write you about this, except that when you receive this part of my diary, I should be just about in Paris on the second part of my "leave" and away from this sort of thing, and then after that, for the few weeks I have left of my service, we may not be here in this locality. Needless to say, our distributions were interfered with temporarily. However, at the usual time our *poilus*' room downstairs was filled and the phonograph playing, just as if there had been no bombardment a few hours earlier.

January 4

Cold and clear. Went to look over the temporary hospital (or rather what was the temporary hospital) that was struck twice during yesterday's bombardment, and found great wreckage. Some sized shells to do that amount of damage! I also found that the house next to us was hit. Two other wounded died last night, I hear. Tonight, we had, apparently, a half-witted *poilu* downstairs during the phonograph session. When

Deserted Houses at Coxyde Bains

I went downstairs to pass the cigarettes I thought that he might be drunk and did not relish having a contretemps with him, but when I went into the room I was told that he was always eccentric, which was a relief to me. I should not like having trouble thrust upon me by a drunken soldier. Everything very quiet to-night.

January 5

Cloudy and not very cold. Very damp and raw. Am having some trouble about the receptacles (*marmites norvégiennes*) which hold the hot drinks that we send up into the lines. Instead of returning the good ones we send up, we occasionally get back an old one. I must look into this at once, but until "Juicy" returns it may be hard to entirely straighten the matter out, because the chief medical officer up at the lines has changed since I went up there, before my "leave," and I neither know the new officer nor does he know me. "Juicy" should be back now in a few days, and he seems to know almost all the medical officers. Thank goodness our new supply of coal has arrived promptly. I ordered it yesterday and we

need it badly. I find at lunch time that I am the oldest at the *popote*. I have now decided to go up to the lines myself to-morrow morning and see what I can do to straighten out the matter of the *marmites* and their proper return to the Canteen.

January 6

Clear and cold. Up early and started off without breakfast in the motor truck that takes our hot stuff up to the lines, to try and straighten out the trouble about the proper return of our *marmites*. Luckily I was joined in the motor truck a little later by a French officer whom I knew, and who could introduce me to the chief medical officer at the lines. Had a satisfactory talk with this last mentioned officer and think that all will now be right. Nothing much doing up at the lines, except that the Germans were firing at four Allies' airplanes, that were just returning from their observations back of the German lines. No one damaged. Very heavy firing at sea this afternoon. Probably only practice.

January 7

Cloudy and very damp. Such a lot of good things to eat arrived to-day from my dear children! I took the good stuff right over to the *popote*, and part of it was used at once for lunch and was put on the menu card as *trans-atlantique*. Every one was much pleased to hear that it came from my children. I expected that the surprise Christmas present might come at the same time, but no such luck. Perhaps that will come to-morrow, as I have now received no letters from home for fifteen days. Probably Christmas mail has delayed all letters from America. Everything very quiet to-day.

January 8

Quite windy and started in with a regular drifting snowstorm, but seems to be trying to clear now. Such a splendid Christmas present from Lily arrived by parcel post this morning! (phonograph records of her own voice). I am sending the phonograph to-night to the *popote* at their request, and only wish the big glass needle fitted Lily's records. Then they would have a real concert. Unfortunately I must write to Paris for regular

steel needles to use with the new Christmas records. I received a postal from "Juicy" today saying that he expected to take the night train from Paris for Dunkirk on the 10th, which would bring him to the Canteen on the 11th, and I shall certainly be glad to see him again. Very high wind this afternoon, but the snowstorm has stopped, and although I started out on my usual walk, I gave it up after a short while because the wind made it too unpleasant.

January 9

Very windy and cold all night, still cold this morning, but less wind. Still no letters from home. Day gradually developed into a wintry snowstorm, so I decided to cut out my afternoon walk and stay in the "bureau" reading "The Last Days of Pompeii," which happens to be among "Juicy's" books. The "bureau" is rather difficult to keep at anything like an even temperature, as it is so small that the little stove overheats it in a short time, and then I have to let the fire die out, so as to cool off. In this way I have my overcoat on one hour, and the next am

almost obliged to sit in my shirt-sleeves. However, the little stove is a very good friend. During winter weather like this one would hardly realize that the war was still on, everything is so quiet, except, of course, nothing but soldiers and army wagons, etc., to be seen in the streets. We have to-day used up the last of our oil for our lamps and I have seen about a new supply. This should straighten out everything so far as I now know in anticipation of "Juicy's" return the day after to-morrow.

January 10

Fine day, rather windy still, but not cold. Still no letters, and it will be three weeks on January 13 since I have had any. "Juicy" should arrive back at the old Canteen to-morrow, after an absence of fifteen days (really half a month), and I shall be certainly very glad to see him again. At this time of the year the days are very short and it is dark at about four o'clock, so I don't mind saying that it has been somewhat lonely without him. However, from now to the end of the service he presumably will be here and I shall, during that time, have my second

"leave," so all is well. The little stove has taken to smoking so badly this afternoon that I have actually been obliged to quit the "bureau" and do my reading in my bedroom. It is its first offence since I returned from my "leave," and that is lucky enough.

January 11

Day starts in showery and very windy and damp. At last most welcome letters, dated *December 5*! Nearly six weeks in reaching me. It must have been on account of the large Christmas mail. Our *popote* is still eating the good things that my children sent, and part of the supply has been kept so that "Juicy" may enjoy the benefit. Very happy thought on the part of the *chef de popote*. I have been waiting around the Canteen all day expecting my good young friend to return at any moment, and now the day is over and no "Juicy." He must have missed his train in Paris yesterday. Perhaps, however, he may have some excellent reason for his delay, and at all events it would be impossible for him to communicate with me here at short notice. I shall have to look for him to-morrow.

January 12

Fine day, not too cold and not too much wind. Received letters from home. It makes a great deal of difference to one's peace of mind to receive these letters, and I hope, now that the Christmas mail is about settled, that my mail will reach me more promptly. "Juicy" returned just as we were finishing luncheon to-day, and I was more than glad to see him. I did not realize how lonely I had been without him until now that he is back. They fixed up a lunch for him and gave him a whole box of Guava jelly that my children sent, and he ate it all with avidity. In the afternoon we visited a new officer (a chief of staff, who has just arrived), and he was most polite and ready to help us in any way in our work, which he had heard was considered useful and for which he thanked us. I have had "Juicy's" bed, etc., brought into the "bureau," where he can sleep comfortably, as the bedroom (that he had in another house before he left on his "permission," or "leave") has been taken, with the rest of that house, by a Colonel, during "Juicy's" absence. It is more like old times to have him live in the same house that I live in.

I think our staff officer friend can be very useful to us in case of need.

January 13

Clear and cold. "Juicy" and I have to try to get into Dunkirk to-morrow to buy several necessary things for the Canteen, and we have just been to see an officer, whose duty it is to go into Dunkirk every now and then in an automobile, and we hoped he might be going in to-morrow. No such luck; so "Juicy" and I will have to make the best of our way in as we can. We have received a very complimentary letter from the staff officer whom we saw yesterday afternoon, giving us all the assistance needed to supply *another* point *in* the trenches with our good hot stuff, which is most useful, particularly at this cold season of the year. We still had served to-day for lunch some of the delicious canned chicken which was sent me from home, and part of which had been kept in reserve for "Juicy's" return. An order was sent out from the staff office about our distributions expressed in a most flattering way in regard to the Franco-American Canteen and our work,

and our first supply of drinks for our new point in the lines was promptly called for this afternoon. We are both very much pleased.

133e Division
Etat Major
1e Bureau

P. C. le 12 Janvier 1918
Le Colonel HOFF,
Commandant pt. la 133e Division

NOTE DE SERVICE

L'ŒUVRE des cantines Franco-Américaines installée à Coxyde-Bains, hôtel de Flandre, recommencera son service à la date du Janvier 13 au soir. Cette œuvre met à la disposition des S/ Secteurs des boissons chaudes, chocolat, bouillon, thé, cacao.

A cet effet, la voiture sanitaire de Nieuport-Bains prend chaque jour à Coxyde lors des relèves les marmites norvégiennes, qui lui sont remises par l'œuvre et rapporte le matériel vide.

En ce qui concerne le S / Secteur du Polder, les boissons chaudes seront réservées à la garnison du Redan. L'officier d'approvisionnement du 401e R. I. fera prendre tous les soirs vers 16 h. 30. en allant ravitailler les unités en secteur 4 marmites norvégiennes qu'il conduira jusqu'au P. C. Défense où elles seront à la disposition du Cdt. du C. R.: Redan.

Les marmites vides seront renvoyées chaque jour à l'œuvre à Coxyde-Bains.

La plus grande attention devra être apportée à renvoyer le matériel vide (marmites norvégiennes) sinon le service se trouverait suspendu de ce fait.

Il est du devoir de chacun de prêter son concours à cette œuvre, qui se propose d'apporter gracieusement aux troupes en secteur une amélioration à leur bien-être et de coopérer ainsi au resserrement des liens qui unissent l'Amérique à la France.

P. O. Le Chef d'Etat Major

Destinataires
I. D. / 113 (4)
Médicin Divisionnaire [*Seal*]

Œuvres de Cantines
Franco-Américaines

January 14

Snowstorm when we got up, but it was before daylight, as we were bound for Dunkirk on Canteen errands. Started out on foot just as it was getting light, and caught a train for *permissionnaires* (those going on "leave") which we thought should connect with a regular train for Dunkirk. This train we missed, so we begged a ride on a passing automobile, which took us as far as the next town to Dunkirk; here we took a regular street car for the city, and arrived there in time to do all our errands before lunch. After lunch we took a regular train (which only runs twice a day) to a town about one hour's drive from the Canteen, where we were met by a one-horse and

two-wheeled wagon which deposited us and our purchases at the old Canteen. When we got back I found a welcome letter from home written Thanksgiving Day (just about seven weeks in getting here, and I received one written December 3, four days ago). Certainly Christmas has upset the mails.

January 15

Dirty, miserable, rainy day. Not very cold, but very damp. Too much wind for the little stove, which always gets a back draught with the wind in this westerly quarter. As yet the return of our *marmites* from the new section of the lines, to which we have just begun distributing, is most unsatisfactory, but, with the backing of the staff office, this should not last long. Of course our distribution in the lines is by far the most useful work that we can do, but unless our *marmites* come back regularly, we have not enough for our regular work here at the Canteen. "Juicy" is working the phonograph downstairs to-night. He seems to like doing it, which may be very useful when we cannot find a *poilu* for this work.

January 16

Heavy gale and driving rain all night, which made all temporary repairs of broken window-panes flutter and slat about, and in parts of our establishment carried them completely away. Wind dropping during the morning and temporary repairs being made. Ceilings leaking badly, but it is very unimportant as there is absolutely nothing that can be damaged. That surely is one advantage of the furnishings of this house. There are no furnishings! After lunch the storm has passed and the wind changed to north, so now our little stove will draw again. To-night the *popote* has asked for another gramophone concert and I am so disappointed that we cannot give them the new records, but the steel needles have not yet been sent from Paris. There are some English Quakers here, it seems, who do ambulance work. I had seen them occasionally, and two of them wanted to come to the Canteen to take French lessons of "Juicy." One of these came this afternoon and, not wanting to embarrass him, I went into my room to take a nap. When I came back a little later, "Juicy" and the Englishman were hard at work playing

chess and the French lesson had been entirely given up.

January 17

Snowstorm again, but not windy. Gramophone concert at the *popote* was a great success last night and they were playing it again at breakfast time this morning, before sending it back to the Canteen. To-day was the *jour de fête* of the head of our *popote* and they made a bouquet of carrots and cauliflower for him, and what with two speeches addressed to him, he was very much embarrassed. Then they had two bottles of red wine, and, when I proposed his health, he replied with a toast to the American army. It does not require much to amuse a small number of men, when they are so far from any real form of amusement. (As I write there is a supply of ammunition passing by the Canteen on the way to the lines.) Very big crowd of *poilus* downstairs to-night.

January 18

Warm and cloudy, with no wind. Just across the street from us, for the past few weeks, there

has been a family, consisting of an old father, two daughters (the only females within miles), and a son, who have had the nerve to move into a dilapidated old house, where they appear to be making a great deal of money selling cigarettes, matches, etc., to the *poilus*. It is evidently the desire of making money that has induced them to come here. The old father has interested me considerably. He is really very old, and every morning, shortly after daylight, starts out for a walk. I have thought him over and imagined him an old retired fisherman, and have amused myself not a little in making mental fairy stories about him. I was perfectly delighted this morning when he appeared for his morning walk in a "sou-wester," which at last made him fit in exactly with my thoughts about him. He now appears to me as the real old thing. It certainly is fortunate for me that I can be so easily amused. Except for a cloudy sky, to-day really feels like coming spring and I took my walk this afternoon without my overcoat. Of course there will be plenty of winter left for us. The days are getting appreciably longer.

January 19

Partly cloudy and quite warm. While I was at breakfast this morning an officer, whom I had met at our autumn Canteen, came to the *popote* to call upon me. Very polite of him, and we are to take a walk on the beach together this afternoon. He has charge of the guard who patrols the beach, so we shall not be interfered with. I have of late given up taking my exercise on the beach on account of the patrol there. Another officer asked for me at the Canteen while I was dressing, but when one of our men told him that he would see whether I was still in, he said he would not have time to wait. Very nice to have my foreign friends look me up. Another officer from the lines has just called on me ("Juicy" is away making a call at a neighboring town this morning), and asks us for hot stuff. We have not really enough *marmites* to answer our demands, as I explained to this officer, still we shall have to see what can be done. Had a very pleasant walk with my French officer and he said that my French had improved. I doubt it myself. After my walk I had nothing particular to do and "Juicy" had not returned from his visit,

so I lay down in my room for a nap. I had hardly got down on my bed, when a German shell burst right over the house. Another bombardment had begun. I hurried downstairs to the cellar and found our two men sitting crouched down under the foundation wall and I promptly joined them. The shells came pretty fast for about seven minutes, the first of them very near us, and then apparently further to our left. In all I should think that there were about fifteen big shells, which came altogether too close to our vicinity for comfort. All this happened about fifteen minutes ago, and let's hope they will not begin again soon. Our gramophone concert downstairs was going full blast one hour after the bombardment. At six o'clock they were firing on all sides at some German planes directly overhead. It seems that a young priest at our *popote* was wounded very slightly in the hand during the bombardment from the German lines, and one of their shells fell in the main road, on which we are, but failed to explode. It fell not one hundred and fifty yards from our Canteen.

Our "Poilu" Helpers at Coxyae Bains

January 20

Cloudy, with indications of rain. No wind, not cold. As I was writing my usual Sunday letters, at a little after ten o'clock this morning, the Germans again began to bombard our miserable little village. The shells fell about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards to the left of our Canteen. One passed through a brick house, next door to the cottage where we have our *popote*, and killed a horse that was stabled in a wooden shed built up against this cottage. The bombardment was more intermittent than that of yesterday afternoon, but lasted a little longer. As soon as it began I went downstairs and joined our two men in the cellar, the same place that we used yesterday. "Juicy" was near the *popote* at the time and got under cover as quickly as he could. The day has turned out rainy and I shall not take my usual walk this afternoon. Our daily distributions now mount up very large. This week we distributed about ten thousand drinks, and as much more than two-thirds of these go into the lines, it is quite useful. The Canteen seems to be much appreciated. I hope so, at any rate, as the work is more or less strenuous.

January 21

Again this morning at 10.30 we were bombarded from the German lines. This bombardment lasted a little longer than those of yesterday and the day before, but the shells came at longer intervals. It lasted for three quarters of an hour. We are now looking into the question of a possible shelter near our Canteen, and have our ideas of using the cellar of a house two doors away, which, with a little work, could be made into a comparatively safe shelter.

January 21

Cloudy and mild. We now have still another separate application for our hot stuff. This time from a battery, to whom it would be useful to distribute, but it is now a question with us of *marmites*. With our present distributions we use about all of the *marmites* that we own (and we own twice as many as we are really entitled to, because the Franco-American Canteen, that was to the south of us in the autumn, left all theirs with us when they found that there was no chance for them to work in this section),

and any new work that we now undertake will have to be given out in the form of raw products, or called for in *marmites* owned outside of our Canteen. This shows what a big business we are doing. "Juicy" has taken such a fancy to the candy that was sent from home for Christmas that I really fear for his digestion. The day has again turned rainy, but not bad enough to interfere with my usual walk.

January 22

Showery, but still warm. Had just gone to sleep last night, when I was awakened by the noise of many anti-aircraft guns. The German aviators were overhead on the usual trip to Dunkirk. It was a beautiful moonlight night, with just enough clouds to help conceal the airplanes. The noise was considerable, and a little later, when the planes were returning to their lines after doing their dirty work over Dunkirk, the same noise was repeated with some addition. It looked as if poor Dunkirk must have had a very unpleasant raid. Still another application for our hot stuff came this morning. At this rate we

might soon run short of supplies, but we are applying for more from Paris. At our *popote* they have a system of fines for being late, or making puns, singing, smoking before coffee, etc., so to-night, as one of the members was leaving us, the money collected by the fines was spent on a special dinner, and I found that there was an army coöperative store in this vicinity where champagne could be bought. I set up the champagne for the occasion and we all had a feast. It was very pleasant with the usual international toasts.

January 23

Showery and still very mild. A whole batch of nice letters from home — letters dated between December 16 and 22. We seem now to run some chance that the native who owns the house where we have set up our Canteen here, may want to move in himself. Even in that case we think that all we should be required to do would be to give him sleeping quarters, a place to cook his meals and carry on his necessary business. All of this we could arrange, not without some inconvenience, however. It seems a shame, but

it is not yet sure to happen. We shall probably know more about it to-morrow. We have still another inquiry for our hot stuff, and this time the distribution will be very feasible, as the *marmites* (not ours, but theirs) are to be sent to the Canteen to be filled.

January 24

Cloudy and mild. It is now one week since this mild weather has been with us. Shortly after lunch a German plane, very high up but plainly visible, flew overhead, and they must have had nearly fifty shots at him from the anti-aircraft guns in the vicinity, but the aviator finally succeeded in hiding himself in a cloud. It was impossible to-day to connect with the official who has the authority to put the native proprietor into our Canteen building, so we are still uncertain as to how we stand. To-night two of the English Quaker automobile drivers came to play Bridge with us (no stakes, of course). The name of one of them is Davie Jones. He ought to lead a seafaring life.

January 25

Foggy, and not quite so mild as during the past week, but still unusually warm for this season of the year. Have just received from my friend the priest, who is still living at Zuydschoote, the remainder of the letters of thanks from the French families whom I helped with my birthday fund. He did his work of distribution most admirably, and my confidence in him was not misplaced. We have now communicated with the *Major du Cantonnement*, who does not want to disturb us by allowing the native proprietor of our Canteen building to come in, but is not at all sure that he can prevent it. The worst feature of this whole matter is that the native wants to establish a bar-room downstairs, which would be the worst thing that he could do from the point of view of our Canteen work. This afternoon "Juicy" and I went to another entertainment at the same barrack theatre that we went to several weeks ago. I had the same feeling of sadness at seeing the *poilus*, dressed in their none too new uniforms and most of them decorated for bravery, singing with just as much sentiment as they would on the Paris stage. They

were, of course, professionals in their work when in civil life. There was an orchestra of thirty pieces. After the performance the commander of the regimental battalion which was giving the show very politely came over to me and said he hoped I had enjoyed the entertainment, and that I would come again.

January 26

Foggy and cold, after a beautiful night. The moon was nearly full last night, not a cloud in the sky and hardly a breath of wind. Such a night was too calm and beautiful to be left in peace. These conditions were immediately seized by the airplane raiders, and as a result "bing-bang" almost all the night. It seems as if nothing beautiful were allowed to remain in this part of the world. Fog remained thick until noon, when it began to burn off, but toward sunset it shut in thick again, so perhaps we shall have our sleep to-night undisturbed by the airplanes.

January 27

Thick fog and not very cold. Quiet night. "Juicy" heard last night that he might soon again be examined as to his health (he was honorably discharged about three years ago on account of pleurisy and bad lungs), and, while his general health is greatly improved, if he were passed into the army again, it would mean as an ordinary *poilu*, as he has no regular army rank. For this his health is not good enough, and it may be necessary for him to begin as soon as possible to study in preparation for taking his examination as an officer in the Quartermaster's department. With such a commission he would be an officer in whatever department he was taken into. This preparation I consider most important for him to make, and he is to-day busy looking into the matter. It seems to me that he should go to Paris to-day to make his arrangements. He is to return to the Canteen as soon as possible. Meanwhile I must wait for my "leave," but I do not think I shall be delayed more than a day or so.

January 28

Colder to-day, but beautiful clear weather and no wind. Last night the Médecin Chef (he is the president of our *popote*) told me that there was to be a concert near our *popote* and that, if I wanted to go, he would go with me. It was very kind of him, I thought, and we spent the evening there together. The entertainment was the first really poor one that I have seen, although there were one or two good acts. Received letters from home to-day. They were none of them dated later than December 18, and have been beaten by other letters written later. The proprietor of this house, where we are established, came to see me to-day, but I did not want to see him with "Juicy" away, so I sent him word that I did not speak French well enough to talk with him. That will at any rate delay the matter a little. He told our man that he would come back again, and that he spoke English. If he speaks English the way that some few people hereabouts try to, I honestly could not understand him.

January 29

Beautiful cool day, no wind. This makes the eleventh day in succession that has really been more like spring than winter. Very lucky. Last night being clear, no wind and moonlight, the German airplanes were busy, but not really so noisy as I had expected they would be. Again running out of coal, but I have to-day ordered more. Except for the boiling of our water for the hot drinks, we have not needed much coal during the past week, as the weather has been so beautifully spring-like. Beautiful moonlight night and just the opportunity for the airplanes, which are now beginning to pass overhead. However, the moon is beginning to wane and also rising later each night. It looked earlier in the evening as if the good fog might shut in thick, but it did n't. The anti-aircraft guns are at this moment banging away and making all the windows shake. I can see the shells bursting in the sky and hear the airplanes on their way, but, with the moon only just rising, that is all there is to it at this moment. The planes will be back again on their way home to the German lines and then the noise will begin all over again. If

the fog would only shut in thick while the planes were still out! No such luck, I fear, from the appearance of the sky at present.

January 30

Beautiful day, rather cool, but not really cold. Now my mail is all stopped in Paris, as I had expected to leave to-day for my extra "leave." However, I hope that "Juicy" will return to-morrow, in which case I shall set out for Paris the day after. A German aviator is overhead now and the guns from the ground are after him, but he is very high up and the chances many hundred to one in his favor. We are still having a little trouble about the prompt return from the lines of our *marmites* of hot stuff, but it is to be expected now that we serve so many in the lines, and it may be that in the end we shall find ourselves minus one or two *marmites*. It is all in a most useful cause, however, and the good done is doubtless worth the small loss. For the eleventh day to-day I took my walk without an overcoat. Quite a record for this time of year. I am very hopeful that

"Juicy" will get back to-morrow, and I am anxious to hear what he has to say about his plans, as it may materially affect the remainder of my service. Considerable noise on the line to-night.

January 31

Beautiful clear day, ground covered with hoar-frost like autumn. Our best man, who helps at the Canteen, has just received orders to leave, and they have replaced him with another one, ability unknown. "Juicy" has just returned, which lets me off on my extra "leave" to-morrow morning. He cannot at present change his service, so he should now remain with me at this work until I am finished with my service. Thank goodness for that. Very thick fog to-night, which ought to give us a quiet night, and as we get up long before daylight ("Juicy" is accompanying me as far as Dunkirk), it will be a welcome rest from the airplanes.

February 1

Cold, clear day. Up very early to take the little horse-drawn wagon (not allowed to be driven at

a trot) for the nearest railroad station. "Juicy" came with me to help with my baggage, as I took practically all my belongings. For the few weeks that remain of my service, I can take from Paris a very moderate outfit. Again was very lucky to meet my friend the priest on the train, on his way into Dunkirk. After a long all-day trip, arrived in Paris nearly one hour late, but not too late to have my dinner before retiring to my room for a most welcome hot bath. Paris was bombarded the night before last, by airplanes, but it seems that nothing but wickedness was accomplished. Nothing of any war value was destroyed. It will really seem very pleasant to sleep in a real bed to-night, although I do not complain in the least about my sleeping-bag at the Canteen. I am so used to the good old sleeping-bag that I may not sleep well in a comfortable bed. I have great hopes, however!

February 2

Fine day, not too cold. Went the first thing this morning to get my mail at the Red Cross office and found a good welcome batch. Am dining

to-night with a number of my American friends at Henri's Restaurant. A Dutch treat affair. I was shown figures at the Red Cross which were to me very satisfactory, all dealing with Canteen distributions. Our Canteen, in spite of its various delays and reëstablishments, stands third as regards weekly distributions and fourth in total distributions. The Canteens that have beaten us have not been disturbed in their work, and, all things considered, we are figured as standing about at the head of the list. I very much fear that we shall be moved again soon, in order to follow our Section, which is necessary, but will mean shutting up shop again. Lunched with Hugh and Edgar Scott and was joined at this meal by Charles Curtis. Had a very pleasant dinner at Henri's, and went afterwards to Billy Patten's apartment to play poker.

February 3

Warm and partly cloudy. Lunched at Voisin's, where I met Ellis Dresel, who joined me at my table. Went to see a rather amusing farce at Marigny's Theatre, and afterwards watched the

amusing and apparently very happy crowd in the Champs Élysées. Am dining with Billy Patten and Gerry Chadwick at their apartment. Had a very pleasant time at dinner. The only other guest was Ellis Dresel.

February 4

Partly cloudy and warm. Went the first thing this morning to the gramophone place and had the pleasure at last of hearing Lily sing, and it pleased me immensely. I bought the necessary diaphragm and can attach it to our gramophone at the Canteen. What fun it will be! In the evening Charles Curtis and I dined together and were joined by Richmond Fearing. Very pleasant. After dinner Charles Curtis and I went to a show at the Casino de Paris, which is the only good variety show that I have seen in Paris this year.

February 5

Mild and hazy. Lunched with Mr. and Mrs. George Mairs, at their kind invitation, and enjoyed seeing them again. He is just about to begin work with the American Red Cross here in Paris,

having come over originally to drive an ambulance, which work was made impossible for him when our troops began to arrive on this side of the ocean. Met Alfred Dabney, who has been held up for nearly two months in getting started in his Ground Aviation work, and says that the whole thing, for him, may fall through. He may go into Red Cross work if he does not get what he wants, and I suggested to him that work similar to mine might be interesting and certainly useful. I invited the two heads of the Canteen Department to dine with me and we had a very pleasant dinner.

February 6

Cloudy and mild. Did a very little necessary shopping, to replace a few things that have become worn out. Lunched alone for a change and went afterwards to a "movie" entertainment. Received a short note from my young doctor friend Vitou, with postscript from "Juicy" (he was evidently lunching at Vitou's *popote*, which is about one or two hours' journey from our Canteen), in which he said that we would be moved shortly. I wish I knew more definitely,

but "Juicy" promised to keep me posted, so I think he will do so. Just before dinner Doctor Vitou's brother called me up on the telephone and said that if I had no other engagement, he would like to come after dinner and call. The young gentleman came at about half-past eight, was extremely nice, and stayed until nearly eleven o'clock. I was really glad to see him.

February 7

Cloudy and mild. At the invitation of Mr. Fithian (the head of our Canteen Department in Paris) I went with him to an American lunch club. It was quite an unusual occasion, as Amundsen, who discovered the South pole, made a very interesting speech, being introduced by our American Ambassador to France, Mr. Sharp. In the late afternoon it tried to rain a little, the first I have seen for three weeks. Dined with Frank Blake and Edgar Scott. Very pleasant time and to bed early.

February 8

Cloudy, but not cold. I find myself in rather a dilemma, because I have not yet heard from "Juicy," as to whether our Section has been moved. We understood that everything indicated a change in two or three days after I left, and "Juicy" and I arranged a simple code in which he would write me, so that I might know where to meet him. I rather expected to return to-morrow, but "Juicy's" letter may take three days to reach me, and I fear that I must wait for it, rather than take it for granted that the Canteen has not been moved yet and go all the way up there to find every one gone and nowhere for me to eat or sleep. Started to dine alone, and Edgar Scott happened to turn up, also alone, at the same restaurant, so we dined together.

February 9

Beautiful bright, clear, warm day. No letter from "Juicy," so I have arranged to have sent to him, by the French Red Cross, an "official" telegram, which should reach him to-morrow, asking him to telegraph me where I am to rejoin him, and

saying that I am all ready to start. Had a very pleasant lunch with the Paris heads of our department (both French and American), and I thought that we should never get through eating. We were over two hours and a half at the meal! Now, after the telegram has been sent, I have received my letter from "Juicy," saying that they are about to change the Section and that it will not be worth my while to try to reach him before he moves, and that he will let me know what to do. Dined again to-night with Edgar Scott.

February 10

Partly cloudy and still warm. Lunched alone and went afterwards to a fairly good *revue* at the Théâtre Femina in the Champs Élysées. Charles Curtis leaves word asking me to dine with him and go afterwards to see "Faust" at the opera. Dined with Charlie, and we were joined by Richmond Fearing, who happened to be just beginning his dinner at the same restaurant. Instead of going to hear dear old "Faust," we went to a fairly good *revue* at the Concert Mayol. Hope to hear from "Juicy" to-morrow, either

by letter or "official" telegram, when and where I am to rejoin him.

February 11

Fine day and still warm. Received a telegram early this morning saying that "Juicy" was at present back at Zuydschoote. I planned to start to-night to rejoin him, but was advised to wait until to-morrow night before starting, so that a telegram might have time to reach him announcing the time of my arrival. So now again we are without a Canteen establishment, and where we shall set up the next one I do not know until I see "Juicy." Not much time left for another long delay, and I hope this time we may be given the opportunity to reopen more quickly than last time. Spent the early part of the afternoon in trying to pack all my necessary outfit into a hand-bag and large dress-suit case and finally succeeded, although it will be impossible to avoid carrying two bags (called *musette* in the French army) slung on my back. All the rest of my stuff I shall leave at the hotel until I return. Found Norman Cabot with nothing to do to-

night, so asked him to dine with me, and I enjoyed seeing him.

February 12

Still the same beautiful warm weather. Met Stewart Forbes in the street this morning, and we made an appointment to lunch together, which we did later and with the greatest pleasure to me, as I had not seen him for a year. After lunch I went to the Gare du Nord to get my ticket, had an early dinner at 5.30, and left for Dunkirk on the 7 p.m. train.

February 13

First cold, rainy day for ever so long. After travelling all night, arrived at Dunkirk on time and found "Juicy" and young Dr. Vitou waiting at the station to meet me. I was very glad to see them again, and they immediately took my bags off my hands. Here we are at Zuydschoote, where we spent part of November. The *popote* is the same as at that time. We live at the same hotel where we were billeted before, but "hotel" does not quite represent the place, as there are no

servants and we take our meals at the *popote* five minutes' walk from here. My friend the priest has just turned up (he has been away for some time on hospital duty near by), and it makes all four of our original *popote* again members of this larger one. The only out is that we are at present out of work, and I have not yet heard any guesses as to where we go from here. However, as I have only four weeks of service left, it cannot now be helped. If we only had been left for four weeks longer where we were established, our work would not have been interrupted before I got through. I am very much excited at the thought of taking Lily's records and the new diaphragm to the *popote* to-night, where our Canteen gramophone now is.

February 14

Foggy and cool. The records were perfectly sweet on the gramophone at the *popote* last night, and how much I did enjoy them! It was a wonderful inspiration to send them over to me, and I never knew of a better way of giving a perfect Christmas present. "Juicy" was all admiration and did not conceal his feelings. It surely

was a long wait before I was able to hear the records. Took a long walk on the beach (as the tide was low) before lunch. It reminded me of three months ago, when I used to take my walks on the same beach.

February 15

Still foggy and rather cold. Took a walk on the beach this morning, and this afternoon after lunch went to see the ceremony of giving out decorations at a nearby town. One of our *popote* members (the only one older than I) was given the Légion d'Honneur, not for bravery, I am sorry to say, but for length of service. This, in my opinion, cheapens the honor very much. However, there was a French regiment with band to assist at the ceremony, and the General, who was so polite to "Juicy" and myself on a similar occasion in the autumn at Oostvleteren (General Nollet), presented the medals and did all the kissing. Our [decorated] *popote* member brought two bottles of champagne to dinner to celebrate the occasion, and he drank to his French and American friends.

February 16

Clear and very cold. At last winter has returned. Went into Dunkirk this morning, which is not a very long distance away, and had my hair cut in preparation for any orders that may come to move. Lunched there with "Juicy," and after riding half-way home in a tramcar, walked the rest of the way here. We stopped at the hospital here to visit a young French lieutenant, who was badly wounded week before last, and who is still in bed with one leg badly broken and slung up to the foot of his bed. He was most modest, but told a very interesting story as to how he had been wounded. Surely he is a good example of the plucky young French officer. Before dinner went to see the weekly "movie" show at the hospital.

February 17

Clear and very cold. Took a long and beautiful walk on the beach this morning. The tide was dead low and the beach consequently hard and dry. Not a cloud in the sky. If it had only been a little warmer, it would have been perfect. Our *popote* at lunch had fourteen members and it was

rather crowded in one small room, but since lunch two of the members have gone on "leave." Nothing new as to our plans. Moonlight night and consequently some passage of airplanes.

February 18

Very cold, but otherwise beautiful, sunny day. Took a long walk on the beach and found the high-water mark of the sea on the beach frozen (as it is on Revere Beach at home in winter), but not to any depth. No notice of any movement from this place for us. Good night for airplanes, but not so much doing in that line as might be expected.

February 19

Still cold, but very fine day. Went into Dunkirk with "Juicy" for lunch. Walked half-way in, and while walking met the commanding medical officer of our Division, who knew us both by name and was most complimentary about the work we had done at our last Canteen. He said that, when the move from this place came, he hoped he could take us along with him. After

lunch at Dunkirk, I met my friend the priest, and we walked all the way back here, making ten or eleven miles for me to-day. Nothing else to do at present. At Dunkirk I met a young French officer who had received the Legion of Honor medal the other afternoon. He told me a story of hard luck. The day after he had been decorated, his barrack caught fire and he lost all his belongings, and he showed me his medal, burnt to a crisp.

February 20

Cloudy and still cold. Arrangements seem to change all the time here, and it now looks possible that we may reëstablish our Canteen not far from here. "Juicy" and I propose to make a tour of inspection to-morrow to see what we can do in the matter of reëstablishment, and if the thing looks feasible, we shall immediately take the necessary steps to get our orders for the move.

February 21

Clear and cool, but not really cold. Started off on foot for our tour of inspection, and were very

lucky in our "ride begging," as we were picked up and carried to our destination by a General. After looking the place over we decided that, although we ourselves would be most comfortable, the work would be distributing our drinks among men in a large encampment, which, it seemed to us, was not the work that we were sent out to do, and therefore it does not appeal to us. We have not the final word, however, and we shall probably have to visit the staff office in a nearby town to-morrow, and report. We are connected with the French army and have to do as we are told, but let us hope that everything will go smoothly. Very possibly "Juicy" (who loves to go) will have to take a trip to Paris, to consult with his French Red Cross. On the return from this trip the same General picked us up in his automobile, which made our tour really very simple and easy. Airplanes are taking advantage of the very fine night.

February 22

Cloudy, with westerly gale of wind. Had lunch in Dunkirk, to celebrate Washington's birthday,

with "Juicy" and Dr. Vitou, and we expected my friend the priest, but he did not understand the invitation when given yesterday by "Juicy," so could not arrange to come. It seems definitely decided that there is no chance for Canteen work for us in this vicinity, so "Juicy" is going to Paris to-morrow to report and get orders. Again we are held up, and I do not at all appreciate being without our work; but it is no fault of ours, and for the next few days, at least, I shall have to remain here in idleness.

February 23

Partly cloudy and fairly mild. Gave myself the pleasure of going into Dunkirk this morning to send a cable of congratulation to my brother Phil on his commission as Major in the National Army. "Juicy" was off very early for Paris, where he will look carefully into our interests in our Canteen work, and he will do it well. Hardly expect him back until the end of the month. Received a fine bunch of letters from home. Met one of the officers of the *popote* that we were with during January. He and his *popote* are not far from here and he asked me to lunch

with them next Monday, which I accepted. Went to the usual Saturday afternoon "moving picture" show at the hospital this afternoon.

February 24

Nothing to do but loaf to-day. Waited around the streets almost all the morning, as Premier Clemenceau was expected from Paris, but he did not show up. Just before lunch I was writing some letters in my room when a corporal came up from the Medical Divisional Office and told me that I was wanted on the telephone by an officer of our Division who lived in a neighboring town. I immediately went with the corporal to the office and soon succeeded in getting into communication with the officer, who turned out to be one of those that I knew and liked very much. He told me that he wished to propose me for the Croix de Guerre and was very polite, and when I thanked him he said that he wanted me to carry back to America some good token of recognition of my Canteen work. I was surprised, but of course very much delighted at the thought, as the Croix de Guerre is very

much sought for in the French army, and in many ways is the best decoration that can be given. My friend told me that he would like me to stay at Zuydschoote all the next day, as General Arnaud, who is the commanding officer of the Medical Department of our Corps, wanted to meet me, as he would also be interested in my being decorated. I was asked to keep the matter entirely secret, as it often takes a considerable time for such proposals for decorations to get through the red tape of the army Headquarters. This afternoon four German prisoners passed me on the street. They were, of course, under guard, and appeared to have just come from the large hospital here. The little children called after them, and one little girl of about ten, who was looking after her little sister, aged about three, told me that her father had been a prisoner in the hands of the Germans for nearly the length of the war, and had never even seen her little sister.

February 25

Raining and howling gale. It seems that our Section is to be reviewed this afternoon by Gen-

eral Arnaud, with whom I have an appointment later. I am expected to be in the review and shall probably be introduced to him at that time. The review is to be a full-dress affair with helmets and gas masks, so I shall have to put them all on for the occasion. After lunch the weather cleared and the sun was very grateful as the wind was very cold. General Arnaud reviewed us, and when he came to me he stopped and chatted with me for several minutes and said he was glad to add his recommendation to my proposal for the Croix de Guerre. He said that he would like me also to have the Reconnaissance Française, which is a civil decoration, while the Croix de Guerre is purely military. He said, however, that it might take some while because the government wanted to have some outside recommendations in giving this latter decoration. He asked me whether I had any letters of recommendation from home, but unfortunately I have nothing but my letter of credit, but I rather think that in some way or another they can look me up. I was very much pleased indeed.

February 26

Clear and cold and no wind. This morning, having absolutely nothing to do, my friend the priest and I had our eyes examined at the hospital by our young friend, Dr. Vitou, who is an eye specialist. He had previously looked my eyes over in his room, but wanted to have a real professional look at them. He pronounced my eyesight normal. My friend the priest, who wears glasses for nearsightedness, was told that the glasses which had been given him a year ago still suited him perfectly well, and therefore no change for him was necessary. This is one way of spending one's leisure time, but regular Canteen work would suit me better. After lunch the priest and I took a walk of over eight miles, but as a very strong wind began to blow at about noon, the walk was not so pleasant as it might have been.

February 27

Partly cloudy and cool. Walked on the beach before lunch. "Juicy" did not return from Paris to-day, so I hope he went to the opera there last night to hear "La Bohême." He had never heard

it and I suggested, before he left, that he ought to stay over one night to hear it, as under the circumstances (with nothing to do here) there was no need of our both being on hand. I look for him to turn up to-morrow. Raining to-night, and although the moon is almost full, the weather is not propitious for the airplanes.

February 28

Clear and cold. "Juicy" returned this morning and reported that he had done all that was possible for us at his Red Cross, and there was no chance for continuing our work at once. It looks as if the remaining two weeks of my service must be passed in idleness. This morning there is a strong wind blowing, which cut out my walk on the beach. My good young friend, Dr. Vitou, at lunch time to-day, received long expected orders to leave, and I am very sorry that he is off to-morrow. "Juicy" has gone to a nearby town to make his report on his visit to Paris in connection with our Canteen work. Another welcome bunch of letters at lunch time, but all written earlier than the letters already received. The

mail is certainly not up to the highest standard. This afternoon I went to the room where we have our *popote* armed with Lily's records, and, with nobody about, gave myself a concert on the gramophone, playing the records over and over again. It was a real pleasure.

March 1

Partly cloudy and cool. "Juicy," the priest, young Dr. Vitou, and I are going to Dunkirk this morning for a farewell lunch with Vitou. The lunch at Dunkirk was very nice (eight Frenchmen and myself), and we gave Vitou a good send-off. He really is a remarkably nice young man, and I am sorry that he has to go before my service is up. On my return received some more letters from home.

March 2

Clear and very cold, with howling northeast gale. The weather is so bad to-day that there is no use trying to do anything out of doors, so this morning I wrote letters. After lunch I went to the hospital and played chess with the poor

My Three Friends, Vitou, Fardet, and "Juicy"

young French lieutenant who was terribly wounded about three weeks ago. Attended the usual Saturday evening "moving picture" show at the hospital.

March 3

Still cloudy and cold, with somewhat less wind. This morning I went to see the Legion of Honor medal given to a doctor of the hospital, where the usual kissing ceremony was performed by General Nollet when he gave the decoration. "Juicy" caught a bad cold yesterday, and I kept him in bed to-day until lunch time. Gave "Juicy" a lesson in English dictation in the afternoon. Heavy cannonading at the front to-night.

March 4

Cloudy and cold, no wind. Having nothing else to do, I went into Dunkirk and mailed my letters, and then for exercise I walked part of the way back on the beach. My friend the priest is not feeling well to-day, but I think it is the weather that has upset him. He was in the Gallipoli campaign and has still occasional upsets.

March 5

Cloudy, colder, and considerable wind. I am glad to find that the priest is entirely well again to-day and beat me at chess very handily. This afternoon I went to a theatrical entertainment at the hospital, but it was not so picturesque here as the performances we saw right behind the lines and not so pleasing. "Juicy" is almost cured of his cold to-day, so there seems to be a clean bill of health hereabouts.

March 6

Clear and cold, no wind. Took a long walk on the beach before lunch, and the sunshine was very pleasant after the past few days of bad weather. Indeed, loafing in a town like this is a very serious matter. This afternoon gave a lesson in English to "Juicy" and a young doctor who has come to take the place of Dr. Vitou. Some planes about to-night.

March 7

Slightly foggy and cool, but the day will probably turn out fine later. Took a short stroll before lunch and afterwards a long walk on the

beach. Poor "Juicy" has indigestion to-day, probably induced by his cold, but this latter ailment is now almost passed. He has been on a diet all day, and probably will be better to-morrow. Heavy cannonading on the front.

March 8

Clear and cold. Went into Dunkirk to send a telegram to Paris to hold my mail after Monday next. That sounds like the beginning of the end of my service. "Juicy" joined me at Dunkirk and we lunched there together. After lunch we went down to the harbor and went aboard a French submarine chaser, which was very much like those built for the Eastern Yacht Club last winter. While walking down to the harbor a huge Handley-Paige airplane of the English passed overhead. It had a carrying capacity of fifteen men and appeared quite majestic. It will probably seem very small compared to the planes of ten years hence!

March 9

Clear and cold, but the bright sun will warm us up a little later in the day. After lunch walked

with "Juicy" on the beach and saw some practice grenade work, which was very interesting. Late in the afternoon I went to a band concert outside the hospital. How very idle!

March 10

Clear and cold. "Juicy" went into Dunkirk to lunch with a friend who is in the way of becoming interpreter between the French and English forces. I should like very much to have "Juicy" given an opportunity in this branch of service, as I am sure he would do it very well, although he does not speak or understand English perfectly. He knows quite enough, from my point of view, to be most useful, and in addition, he knows perfectly every different branch of the French service. To-day they put all clocks one hour ahead for "daylight saving."

March 11

Clear and not quite so cold. Having nothing better to do, in my idleness, I decided to take my letters, to be mailed to the United States, into

Dunkirk myself and drop them in the letter box (which is impossible here, as there is no box for stamped letters), and so save perhaps one day and perhaps connect with an earlier steamer. Walked back most of the way from Dunkirk, and arrived here in time for lunch. Walked on the beach with "Juicy" in the afternoon in beautiful spring weather.

March 12

Clear and cool. "Juicy" and I went into Dunkirk this morning to do a little shopping. Stayed there for lunch, and in the afternoon went out in a submarine chaser with a friend who is in the French navy. It was very much like those that we built at home last winter, but not quite so good in some respects and not so fast. We walked back here most of the way. A very fair way of spending the idle day. Although very dark, with no moon, to-night, the airplanes are about their dirty business.

March 13

Clear and cold. I have decided that it would be polite to visit the commanding officers of our

army corps, and as to-morrow is my last day of service, "Juicy" and I are to make the round of visits in a nearby town this morning, and afterwards take lunch with our friends of the *popote* we were with in December, and who happen to be in the same town as the officers we are to visit. We were extremely politely received on our visits and are invited to lunch to-morrow by General Arnaud. We lunched with our former *popote* friends, and as usual their food was far better than can be had at any other *popote*. At dinner at our *popote* they had a surprise song for me, with kind words about America; the music being of a French song bought by my friend the priest, and the words written by "Juicy." I thought it very friendly of them to take the trouble to prepare the surprise for me. Thick fog to-night.

March 14

Cloudy and damp. Appeared on time at the office of General Arnaud, who was to take us to pay a visit on General Nollet, commanding the army corps of this region. General Nollet was most polite and invited us to dine to-night with

him, hearing that it was my last night in these parts. Naturally it was for us to accept his invitation, although it obliged me to miss my last evening at our *popote*. After our visit to the General, we went as arranged yesterday, to lunch with General Arnaud. Here there were fourteen at lunch and it was very pleasant and cordial, and as usual I toasted the French army. After lunch, as our plans had to be changed on account of our dining to-night with the General, we were sent to Zuydschoote in the automobile of General Arnaud, who was kind enough to put his car at our disposal for the afternoon. After packing my outfit, I said good-by with the greatest regret to my friend the priest, as we had decided it would be more practical to spend the night at Dunkirk, since I was to take the early train for Paris to-morrow. So here we are again, spending the night where we did almost six months ago, and my Red Cross service behind me instead of ahead. We had a most interesting time at our dinner with General Nollet, and I could not have asked for anything more complimentary. There were at dinner as guests only "Juicy," General Arnaud, the chief of staff, and myself.

I sat on the right of the General, and in every way they made it clear to me that the dinner was given in my honor. Both of the Generals separately told me that they wished me to be given the Croix de Guerre, and told me so very prettily. The final word, in my case, has to come from the French General Headquarters. This they had hoped to receive to-day, but it did not arrive. If there should be no long delay in the proceedings, I may possibly expect to receive the Croix de Guerre before I leave Paris for home, but it will probably be much later. At any rate, it is their desire that I should have it, and that is the main thing. The treatment that I received to-night has, for me, made all my endeavors of the past six months seem very well worth while, and I am entirely content.

March 15

Clear and cold. Although clear all night, the airplanes made no raid of Dunkirk last night and we were left quiet to sleep. Took the ten o'clock train for Paris, the good "Juicy" looking after all my arrangements for me just like a first-class "courier." Arrived a little late, but by very good

luck got something to eat, and a room with a bath!

March 16

Cloudy and cool. Went at once to the Red Cross building and got a goodly number of letters from home. Made my report to my Canteen Department, which naturally mentioned that I had been proposed for the Croix de Guerre. They were delighted, and when I returned to the office after lunch I received many congratulations. Am dining to-night at Billy Patten's apartment. Met Dr. Morton Prince in the street, who is here with the Louis Frothinghams to open a casualty bureau for the Massachusetts troops.

March 17

Beautiful spring day. Went to lunch at Voisin's, where Charles Curtis also turned up and we lunched together, and arranged to dine together to-morrow night. After lunch I went to a rather pretty, very light, opera at the Théâtre Femina. Am dining to-night again at Billy Patten's apartment. Very pleasant dinner and home to bed early.

March 18

Spring weather continues. "Juicy" turned up at my room this morning. There is nothing for him to do where we have passed the last month, so he came down to Paris for a few days, and I hope that he will take me later in the week and introduce me to his mother. He lunched with me at Voisin's restaurant. After lunch I went to the Red Cross building and heard an interesting talk from H. P. Davison, who is the head of the entire American Red Cross and has just come from America. To-night Charles Curtis and I dine together.

March 19

Showery and cooler. "Juicy" turned up at the hotel early and we did a little shopping and then went and had our photograph taken together and separately. Lunched with Templeman Coolidge. "Juicy" has invited me to go to visit at his mother's house at Ay, Champagne, and I should like very much to spend a day or two there, but fear that it will be difficult for me to get the necessary papers of permission (as Ay

is in the war zone), especially as I have no valid reason for going.

March 20

Day started in cloudy and cool, but with signs of clearing. "Juicy" called for me and we went to see about my papers of permission in the matter of my proposed visit to his mother. It will be difficult, and already we are delayed beyond our original plans. "Juicy" lunched with me, and I am having him for lunch again tomorrow. Went to call on the Louis Frothinghams in the late afternoon and am dining with them on Friday. Dined with Charles Curtis.

March 21

Fine cool day. "Juicy" and Fithian (head of the American Red Cross Canteen Department) lunched with me and after lunch I took "Juicy" to "La Bohême," nicely given at the Opéra Comique. Dined alone.

March 22

Another fine spring day. "Juicy" came to join me at lunch. Dined with the Louis Frothing-

hams, and just as we were about finishing dinner the air-raid warning was sounded and we had to quit, as all the lights were turned off. I took Mrs. Morton Henry (who was also at the dinner) to her hotel just around the corner, and we there joined the other guests in the cellar of the hotel. It was not an affair of long waiting, as the planes did not come as far as over Paris, but the Parisians had to be warned in time to be prepared in case they did reach the city.

March 23

Very warm and clear. A little after nine this morning the air-raid warning was again given. "Juicy," always at my request and very appreciative, came to lunch with me. The signal that the air raid was over was not given until after four o'clock, but during all that time everything went on pretty much as usual, and the raid, if such it could possibly be called, was certainly not noticeable in the part of Paris that I spent my day in. Beautiful day and every one out walking in the Champs Élysées. I have heard to-night that Paris has not been raided by airplanes

to-day, but, incredible as it sounds, that it was actually a bombardment from some very high-powered gun, which must be able to carry about seventy miles, as that is about the nearest point in the German lines from Paris.

March 24

Another perfect spring day. The warning siren was again blown this morning at about eight o'clock and yesterday's performance is evidently to be tried again to-day. "Juicy" turned up at the usual hour and we lunched together. Although the signal of danger is still in force, even after dinner, the number of shots sent into Paris to-day seems to me less than yesterday, and since noon I have heard no noise whatever. I have yet to be persuaded as to the real source from which the shells came, that have fallen in Paris.

March 25

Perfect weather continues. "Juicy" turned up about noon and we both lunched with Templeman Coolidge, who very kindly invited us. We have not heard much from the very foolish

bombardment of Paris since nine o'clock this morning, and absolutely everything is going on as usual to-day in the city. The probabilities of my getting the necessary pass to visit "Juicy's" family are very slight indeed, so he is going there himself to-morrow.

March 26

Much cooler to-day, but fine. "Juicy" went this morning to join his mother, but I could not go because of the question of a pass. Met Stewart Forbes on the street and we lunched together. Dined with Charles Curtis and went to the theatre afterwards. No alarms to-day.

March 27

Rather cold and hazy. I really miss young "Juicy," since he has gone to see his mother at Ay, and lunched alone wishing he were here to keep me company. Passed a very quiet day.

March 28

Cool and partly cloudy. Went to a very funny, naughty play at the Bouffes Parisiennes this after-

noon. Dined with Hugh Scott and a very pleasant man, Fosburg, and offered my services at the railroad stations for any one who needed anything of that sort. Not necessary to-night.

March 29

Warm and rainy, but cleared off by noon. Went to the office of the steamboat company to find out anything new about sailings, and learn that the steamer that I expect to take will not sail until the 20th, instead of the 13th as I had hoped. Very much disappointed. I may try to go on an inferior boat earlier if I can get accommodations. Dined with the Louis Frothinghams. The mysterious gun has again this afternoon dropped some shells in Paris.

March 30

Cloudy and cool. The gun is again at work this morning. Turned soon into a rainy day. Went to see about possible accommodations on steamer sailing April 13, with Mrs. Frothingham (Louis Frothingham is away for a day or two), who has been consigned to my care. Given a very hand-

some lunch by some of my Red Cross friends. It seems that "Juicy" has returned to Paris and came to see me to-day, but I was out. He is coming again to-morrow morning.

March 31

Clear and not cold. "Juicy" turned up this morning and tells me that, if possible for her, his mother is coming to Paris to see me, as I cannot get the pass to get to her. "Juicy," Charles Curtis, and I lunched together, and then Charles and I went to the theatre. The theatre was packed with people, and when the first act was about over the long-distance gun began to fire; it was very plainly heard in the theatre. I would have supposed that a crowd of French people at a theatre would become rather panicky on such an occasion, but not at all. In whispers and in signs to each other they prevented any disturbance and the act was continued without interruption. It is a rule now that if the long-distance gun begins to fire before the hour of the matinee performances there shall be no performance. Between the first and second act one of the actors

came before the curtain and said that he was obliged by the authorities to tell us what we had plainly heard, which was that the gun had begun to fire, and that if anybody wished to leave the theatre, this was the best opportunity. Not a soul left his seat. After the theatre we walked up the boulevard, and the crowds were so dense that we were obliged to walk in the street to make any real progress, it being Easter Sunday.

April 1

Partly cloudy, but not cold. "Juicy" came to see me in the morning to tell me that, if possible, his mother expects to come into Paris on Wednesday afternoon, and I shall certainly be most pleased to see her. I was invited to lunch at Mr. Fithian's apartment, where he had, besides his wife, my friend Mr. Pomeroy and his wife and two other guests. It was a very pleasant party and I was very glad to meet Mrs. Fithian and Mrs. Pomeroy (Fithian and Pomeroy are the Paris heads of the Department of Canteens at the Front). I was given the seat of honor at Mrs. Fithian's right and Mrs. Pom-

eroy sat on my other side. Really Fithian has been most polite to me. Dined with Frank Blake and Richmond Fearing. The gun fired a few shots again to-day into Paris.

April 2

Partly cloudy and cool. The air-raid signal was given last night at about three o'clock, but if any bombs were dropped, they must have been far away from me as I did not hear them. The anti-aircraft guns were fired for quite a while. "Juicy" came at 11 o'clock and Dr. Vitou's brother, by appointment, and I gave them a lunch. As, in these times, it may take my baggage three or four days to reach Bordeaux, I have about decided to leave Paris for Bordeaux on Monday next, as my steamer is expected to sail the following Saturday. Gun dropping a few shells into Paris to-day.

April 3

Clear and mild. I am now very busy getting the necessary papers to go to Bordeaux. "Juicy" brought his mother in to see me this afternoon and she was most polite and attractive. She came

from Ay, Champagne, for the purpose, and I was very much pleased, as I wanted to see her, but could not get the necessary papers to go to Ay, which annoyed me not a little. Dined with Billy Patten at his apartment. Just myself and one other guest. Particularly pleasant time. The big gun fired a few times to-day. We understand that there were two of these long-range guns, but one has burst.

April 4

Cloudy and cool. "Juicy" turned up, and I went to the office of the French Line and took up my ticket for my state-room on the "Rochambeau," which is expected to sail on the 13th of the month. The day turned out miserably rainy, and there is not much to do here in such weather, as all the places of entertainment are closed in the afternoon for the present. Received this afternoon a fine lot of home letters. Did not hear from the long-distance gun to-day.

April 5

Cloudy, but trying to clear. Not cold. Gave lunch for Messrs. Fithian, Pomeroy, and "Juicy"

and after lunch took most of my baggage to the railroad station and checked it to Bordeaux, so that it might surely be there when I arrive. It really begins to look like going home!! No sound from the long-distance gun to-day, which really does not seem to disturb the people here very much now.

April 6

Fine, warm day. "Juicy," who is still out of a job, came this morning and went with me to the prefecture of police, where I had my passport viséd for Bordeaux. He then left me, as he was not feeling well, having eaten too much rich food while in Paris. He will probably be well by to-morrow if he goes easy to-day. I asked Templeman Coolidge to lunch. Charles Curtis and I dined together. One shot only to-day from the long-distance gun.

April 7

Fine spring day. "Juicy" lunched with me and we went afterwards to a very good little show at the Capucines. My young friend Vitou (the brother of Dr. Vitou) came to pay me a fare-

well visit, which was very polite, as he barely knows me and his brother is now in Africa, so did not tell him to come. Dined with Charles Curtis and Ralph Preston. No sound from the big gun to-day.

April 8

Partly cloudy and cool. Weather turns out badly with continual rain. "Juicy" came after lunch and we spent the rainy afternoon at a moving picture show. Very good. Went to bid my friends at the Red Cross good-by. "Juicy," the faithful, dined with me and saw me off on my train for Bordeaux at 8.30. I shall never forget my dear young friend, and feel that my whole work in the Red Cross Canteen was cheered up and made infinitely more pleasant in his company.

April 9

Arrived at Bordeaux at 7 o'clock this morning, having spent as comfortable a time as possible on a train where you sit up all night. Looked about Bordeaux in the morning and lunched with the Louis Frothinghams. After lunch went with

them to see Dr. Washburn of the Massachusetts Hospital Unit, who took us to see a large American Camp just outside of Bordeaux. I hope our steamer may sail on Saturday, but probably there will be some delay, as usual in these times. This city is not like Paris in the way of luxury, but I took my dinner at a very good restaurant, and here, at night, everything is lighted, which certainly is quite a change for me, as, where I have passed the autumn and winter, not a light was visible, and even in Paris the lighting at night was very much reduced.

April 10

Bright, beautiful day. Went to steamship office and found that the "Rochambeau" had arrived at Bordeaux last night, but they could not tell me just when she would sail on her return trip. I am quite ready as soon as she is. This afternoon I went out to see the American Base Hospital outside of the city, at the invitation of Dr. (now Major) Washburn, of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and it was most interesting. Certainly Washburn has done a splendid work, and I am quite sure that our other

American hospitals will find it difficult to install their work on the high standard that he has set. Asked the Louis Frothinghams to dine with me at the restaurant that is the only really good one here, and I enjoyed their company very much.

April 11

Fine spring day. Went to the steamer office, where they say that the "Rochambeau" may sail Sunday or Monday. They generally are late in starting and the "Niagara" (on which I could not get accommodation) only sailed last night, or early this (Thursday) morning. I went along the water front to have a look at the "Rochambeau" and found her still unloading. Asked Charles Crehore to dine with me and had a very pleasant evening. He is doing Red Cross work here at Bordeaux.

April 12

Beautiful day, almost hot, and the leaves on the trees fully out and at their prettiest green. Went to ask about the day of sailing and was told that it would probably be late on Monday. Dined with the Louis Frothinghams, and young Mrs.

William Wendell was there, who is sailing with the rest of us on the "Rochambeau."

April 13

Partly cloudy and warm. Again I went to the steamship office, and this time I was told that passengers must be aboard at four o'clock Monday afternoon. Let us hope that there may be no further delay. Dined with Charles Crehore and to bed early.

April 14

Rainy, disagreeable day. Trunks, etc., are to be put aboard the ship to-morrow morning, I am told. I am entirely ready! Went to a rather poor *revue* at a fairly large theatre this afternoon. Rain has kept up all day. Dined with Joe Stevens (who has just finished the same kind of Red Cross service that I have done, and is sailing on the "Rochambeau"), and am now ready to take my belongings to the steamer in the morning.

April 15

Cloudy and cool. Took my baggage on board after breakfast and went aboard myself after

lunch. The ship is not yet unloaded and there are a good many German prisoners helping. I understand now that all day to-morrow, at any rate, we shall remain here tied up to the dock. Have a seat at table with the Louis Frothinghams and Mrs. William Wendell, which is very nice for me. As soon as my papers had been examined and passed, I changed my uniform for my regular clothes — the first time I have been out of uniform for nearly eight months. I notice that the "Rochambeau" is camouflaged, which is a new idea for this line.

April 16

Cloudy and quite cold. The boat is still being unloaded, and we are told that we shall not leave the dock before to-morrow evening. Left the ship and lunched and dined ashore. This evening the ship is being loaded. Very uninteresting having to wait tied up at the dock, but in these times all the steamers are delayed in sailing. During the daytime the work of unloading was done with the assistance of the German prisoners, but at night they are not seen. Frenchmen take their places.

April 17

Partly cloudy and cold. Went ashore for lunch and back to the old ship. Things began to look more promising in the way of loading, but at dinner time they had not quite finished putting the trunks aboard. Finally at nine o'clock (just as it was too dark to be able to see the big new American docks which are being finished at Bordeaux) the lines were cast off and we actually started down the river toward the coast.

April 18

Fine day. Early this morning we dropped anchor at the mouth of the river and here we are. How long we may remain here is the question. It certainly is a slow process getting away. Got away from the river at five o'clock, after a short drill in our life-preservers, only to stop again when just clear of the land. About seven o'clock we had a destroyer alongside, and we then proceeded on our way. While we were at dinner we had our first excitement. We heard two shots fired from our ship, and immediately afterwards two or three from our convoying destroyer. It seems

that a submarine was seen close at hand. Almost every one at dinner behaved remarkably well and there was no sign of a panic. One or two people lost their common sense, but it led to no disturbance. We have been asked to sleep in our clothes to-night, which is a very proper precaution. The life-boats are hung over the side.

April 19

Fine day. North wind and a slight roll. Perfectly uneventful day. Still being convoyed by the destroyer. In the afternoon passed a large convoy of transports bound east. Still are requested to sleep in our clothes. Run from yesterday late in the afternoon, when we started on our way, until noon to-day was 255 miles.

April 20

Fine day, smooth sea, and fairly cool. Our destroyer convoy has left us and turned back for France. The run to noon was 343 miles, and in the afternoon the life-boats were put back into the regular cradles on the upper deck. Sleep undressed to-night.

April 21

Day starts out fine and smooth, but rather cool. Head wind. Quite a head sea this afternoon. Were notified that there would be gun practice, and the two stern guns each took a shot at a barrel that was thrown overboard, but both shots went wide of the mark. Quite amusing, however. Run to noon 339 miles.

April 22

Showery, but not cold. Passed a steamer going west this morning. In the afternoon passed a three-masted schooner, reefed down close in the strong westerly squalls, bound west. Run to noon 315 miles.

April 23

Cloudy and cold, sea fairly calm. As day advances it turns rainy, with cross sea. Run to noon 308 miles. Sighted nothing all day.

April 24

Cloudy, sea much calmer and not so cold. As they do not publish the latitude and longitude

it is impossible to know where we are, but I am satisfied in my mind that it is to be a long passage. Cleared off beautifully at eleven o'clock. The run to noon was only 294 miles.

April 25

Pleasant, calm day. Rather cold. In the morning we overtook a fair sized steamer bound about on our westerly course. Run to noon 321 miles. Beautiful weather all day, getting rougher sea toward sunset.

April 26

Fine day. Strong westerly wind. Moderate sea. Run to noon only 268 miles. In the afternoon a very confused sea, and the steamer is pitching and rolling more than she has as yet during the long, tedious trip. Continued rough all the evening, but by bedtime the sea was calmer.

April 27

Beautiful northwest day. Sea smooth. Rather cold. Run to noon to-day 262 miles. Sighted a steamer ahead this afternoon on our starboard

bow, but she crossed our bow bound on a more southerly course. They held the usual auction sale and concert for the benefit of the wounded soldiers to-night, and it passed the time (and money) away very pleasantly.

April 28

Good day, not quite so smooth as yesterday, but warmer. Easterly wind. About nine in the morning we passed a steamer bound west, but how we can pass anything is beyond my comprehension. Left Nantucket Lightship to starboard at half-past ten. Run to noon 344 miles. We should land in New York to-morrow morning, after sleeping fourteen nights on the ship. Took the pilot on board at midnight.

April 29

Very foggy. Found ourselves at Quarantine at six in the morning. At about nine we proceeded very slowly up the river to the dock of the French line, and at twelve o'clock we got ashore, thus finishing my journey, which I shall always look back upon with the greatest satisfaction.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

From M. Fardet

Hôpital Chirurgical mobile N° 1
S. P. 21

Cher Monsieur

Je me suis acquitté avec grande joie de la mission que vous m'aviez confiée. Vous trouverez le résultat ci-joint.

Laissez-moi au nom de toutes ces familles mes compatriotes vous dire ma reconnaissance pour le bien que vous leur avez procuré. Si vous aviez pu voir la joie et la reconnaissance émue de ces familles éprouvées vous en auriez été ému.

Mes sentiments les meilleurs.

P. Fardet

J'attendais une occasion pour vous remettre les dernières lettres, n'en trouvant pas, j'attend un peu. Je suis maintenant à l'hôpital [*erased by censor*] plus près de vous.

Two Letters

[*Selected from more than one hundred received*]

I

Le Chesnay, 23 X^re^ 17

Monsieur et cher Bienfaiteur

J'apprends avec une vive reconnaissance les bienfaits dont vous me comblez mes enfants et moi après tant de malheurs et d'épreuves l'interêt généreux que vous me témoignez me touche tant.

Cette somme de 200^fs^ va m'être si utile pendant l'hiver. Pour en garder une partie en réserve je vais prendre un bon de la Défense nationale à 6 mois que je serais heureuse de trouver un peu plus tard et qui me fera faire un acte de bonne française.

Je suis de Reims où mon mari était charpentier, ma maison est en partie perdue demolie par les obus, et mon cher mari a été tué le 14 9^bre^ 1916 à Sailly-Sallisel, tout me manque à la fois pour élever mes 3 filles; je suis refugiée ici avec elles et ma mère, et j'ai trouvé du travail.

J'ai raison d'avoir confiance en Dieu puisqu'il me permet que je rencontre un si excellent

bienfaiteur, toute la famille prie le bon Dieu de vous protéger et de vous rendre le bien que vous nous faites.

Veuillez agréer Monsieur mes profonds respects et sincère remerciements

V^e^ Charles Camus
Rue de Versailles 53
Le Chesnay
Seine et Oise

Le 22 Décembre 1917

II

Versailles le 23 *Décembre* 1917

Monsieur et Cher Bienfaiteur

Au nom de ma femme et de mes six enfants, je ne saurais comment vous remercier de la somme de deux cents francs que vous m'avez fait remettre, car une somme semblable dans une famille ouvrière permet de donner quelques douceurs à ses chers enfants.

Aussi prieront-ils tous l'enfant Jésus dans sa crêche pour leur bienfaiteur anonyme, et pour sa famille, que Dieu tant puissant leur accorde sa bénédiction, et aussi pour la grande nation Américaine qui nous envoie ses fils, pour soutenir la cause du droit et de l'humanité contre

les barbares sans foi, qui tuent nos mères, nos sœurs et nos enfants et brûlent sans raison les maisons de Dieu.

Cher bienfaiteur, j'ai avec mon maigre salaire de 5 francs par jour, élevé septs enfants dans la foi de Dieu et l'amour de la Patrie. Mon fils ainé âgé de 20 ans a donné son sang pour la France. Sorti de l'école à l'âge de 13 ans, il s'était mis au travail pour aider à élever ses frères et sœurs, il était employé de banque au moment où la France a eu besoin de ses services.

Malgré son instruction, très élémentaire à force de travail il était parvenu à passer ses examens d'élève officier; il était reçu le jour où une bombe de ces bandits, est venu le faucher avec ses camarades au Chemin des Dames.

Mon second fils âgé de 18 ans également employé dans une banque va partir avec la classe prochaine pour venger son frère bien aimé.

Mon troisième fils, 16 ans se prepare à l'enseignement. Le quatrième, 15 ans, se destine au commerce, tous font partie du Cercle Catholique de Versailles. Il me reste encore un petit garçon de 10 ans et deux petites filles de 6 et 4 ans, qui vont en classe et qui j'espère suivront

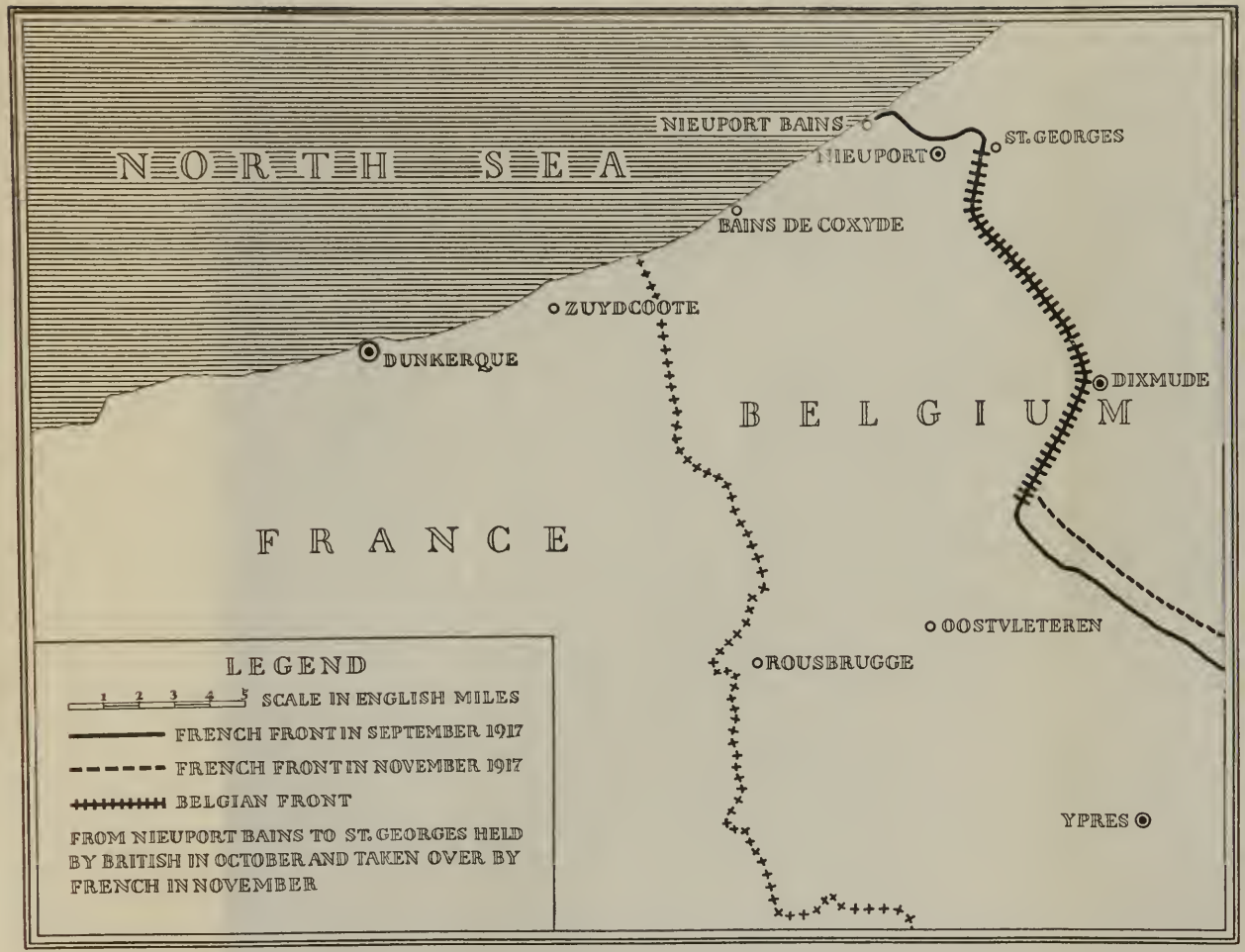
le chemin de leurs ainés; je les élève dans la foi Catholique pour en faire plus tard d'honnêtes hommes et de bons Français.

Pardonnez-moi, Cher Bienfaiteur, de m'étendre aussi longuement sur ma famille, mais c'est pour que vous sachiez qu'aucun d'eux ne vous oublieront dans leurs prières et aussi la grande nation Américaine qui vient au secours de notre chère France, pour sortir avec tout ses vaillants alliés victorieuse de cette horrible guerre.

Daignez, cher Bienfaiteur, agréer, avec mes remerciements les plus sincères, mon dévouement le plus respectueux.

J. Morel

13 *rue Montbauron*


NORTH SEA
NIEUPORT BAINS
NIEUPORT
ST. GEORGES
BAINS DE COXYDE
ZUYDCOOTE
DUNKERQUE
DIXMUDE
BELGIUM
FRANCE
OOSTVLETEREN
ROUSBRUGGE
YPRES
LEGEND
1 2 3 4 5 SCALE IN ENGLISH MILES
FRENCH FRONT IN SEPTEMBER 1917
FRENCH FRONT IN NOVEMBER 1917
BELGIAN FRONT
FROM NIEUPORT BAINS TO ST. GEORGES HELD BY BRITISH IN OCTOBER AND TAKEN OVER BY FRENCH IN NOVEMBER

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